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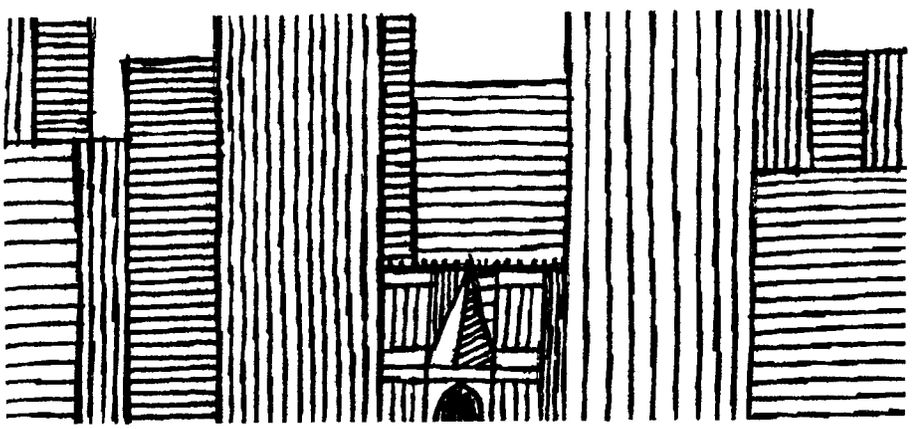

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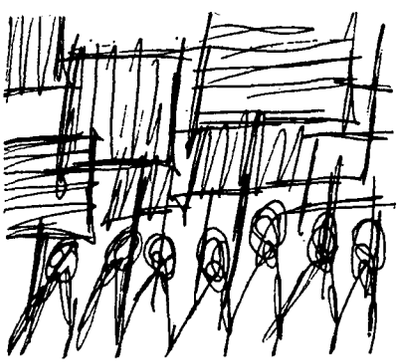

LOOK, MA: NO HOPE —A NEW LEFT MEMOIR

Michael Rossman

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The style is à Kempis', but the words are Mao's. And when related to the human experience, the result is Red Chinese *romanità*. The *Peking Review* demonstrates in describing a mountain climbing expedition:

"Three members of the geophysics group climbed Mt. Jolmo Lungma for three days to reach a height of 6,400 metres above sea level. This was still 100 metres short of their goal to obtain new geomagnetic data.

"At this juncture, one of them was attacked by acute mountain sickness and could go no further. His tasks were shared by the other two. Facing tremendous difficulties, they recalled Chairman Mao's teaching: *No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on.* They vowed that they would fight on to the last man till final victory.

"Every step forward required tremendous effort. Forty minutes passed, yet they made very little progress. They opened their copies of the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and read aloud this passage: *This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.* Chairman Mao's teaching gave them new strength and they reached their destination after a hard struggle."

•

The Chicago Museum of Science and Industry's most recent contribution to the enrichment of American culture was a family exhibit idealizing the wonders of the U.S. Army.

Electronic firing ranges enabled dad to test skills in firing the Dragon antitank missile and a variety of Army rifles, while mom watched Army movies and tots crawled over an M-113 armored personnel carrier.

The hit of the exhibit, however, was a UH-ID Iroquois helicopter (Huey) into which dad could boost junior, and junior could squint down the barrel of a 7.62mm machine gun and hammer away at a mockup South Vietnamese village complete with light-up targets set among *huts, streams and rice paddies.*

It was all quite sporting, but some failed to appreciate the fun. Student and peace groups picketed the museum, and the Chicago *Sun Times* ran an editorial labeling the exhibit "appalling" and criticizing the museum for "execrable taste."

In deference to the militance of the peace people, the museum deactivated the helicopter. The rest of the show went on.

•

Curious, that news stories announcing the retirement of Achille Cardinal Liénart as Bishop of Lille failed to mention the key role he played in giving Vatican II its essential direction.

The articles cited at length details from the long life of the French prelate, including his directorship of the famous priest-worker movement. But none we saw recalled that Liénart was the person who guaranteed the catholicity of the Council by insisting that the Conciliar Commissions be representative of the entire Church, not creature-groups of the Curia. In the final accounting, the redirection which that insistence gave the Council may be Liénart's strongest claim on history.

Xavier Rynne told the story in his first Council volume:

"The Council got under way at its first business session on Saturday, Oct. 13, under the presidency of Cardinal Tisserant. The agenda called for the election of members of the various Conciliar Commissions, ten in all, the successors to the Preparatory Commissions, which were to present the draft proposals for decrees and consider the amendments proposed by the Council in the course of the debates . . .

"As soon as the Secretary General announced that the Council would proceed to the election, Cardinal Liénart of Lille rose and read a prepared statement in which he suggested that instead of voting immediately for the Commissions, the fathers meet in regional or national caucuses and attempt to agree upon slates of candidates for the different Commissions. He pointed to the fact that . . . it would result in the choice of better candidates because the Council would have more time to consider qualifications, than if it acted immediately on the basis of a list of the members of the various Preparatory Commissions, distributed to the fathers at the beginning of the session.

"Immediately Cardinal Frings of Cologne seconded the proposal of Cardinal Liénart and said he was doing so in the names of the other German-speaking cardinals. The vigorous applause that greeted this unexpected move made it perfectly clear what the sentiments of the assembly were, and no vote was deemed necessary . . . Cardinal Tisserant adjourned the meeting, after it had sat for only a bare 15 minutes."

The implications of Cardinal Liénart's intervention were commented upon endlessly at the time. *Informations Catholiques Internationales* ranked it in importance with Pope John's address opening the Council. Pope John's discourse, *Informations Catholiques* said, affirmed the Church's "courage to think"; Cardinal Liénart's intervention, it added, expressed the Council's "courage to act." Vatican II was suddenly a new ball game.

•

An article in *Zions Herald*, New England Methodist magazine, prods the Methodist Publishing House (Parthenon Press, Abingdon Press, etc.) and Cokesbury Book Stores to look to their social justice stewardship. Rev. John L. Bryan quotes Daniel 5:27 ("you are weighed in the scales and found wanting"), plugs Project Equality ("the Methodist Publishing House is morally bound to venture beyond pious lip service and commendation"), and sums up: "get with it."

•

The *Pittsburgh Press* has confided to readers that Allegheny County Commissioner Thomas J. Foerster "has refused to use his taxpayer-supplied Catholic 'just to drive to and from work.' "

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Laicization

Nutley, N. J.

To the Editors: I indeed welcome Father Edward Heston's report on current laicization procedures in Rome (March 22). We finally know that petitions pending in Rome number about 2,750 (0.64 percent of all Latin-rite priests). This may prove a tremendously important figure for establishing what has been top-secret, namely, how many are leaving the active priesthood. Father Heston's description of the streamlined processes makes it reasonable to project an average of three months for processing. That assumption would make the current annual rate 11,000 a year. Either that, or the processing is not as streamlined as Father Heston suggests.

Perhaps more basic is Father Heston's pinpointing of the location of the scandal today. It is not Rome that is to blame, he asserts, but "the intransigent attitude of perhaps even numerous Ordinaries." Peter Declan gave examples (Dec. 8) of petitions held up unreasonably by bishops. I have personal knowledge of others. In the absence of figures from those who could provide them, I suggest—on the basis of indices available—a projection of the number of petitions in chanceries as perhaps four or five times that in Rome.

However, I am not prepared to let Rome off the hook as easily as Father Heston is. Last October I asked several well-placed clerics in Rome, all of them familiar with the procedures, to help expedite the petition of a priest who (in the words of last year's encyclical) showed "serious and good dispositions for leading the Christian life of a layman." All told me nothing could be done except through his bishop. They further told me there was in practice no way to get Rome to get his bishop to act. Father Heston describes a beautiful theoretical construct. What I see is what Cardinal Felici told the Synod of Bishops, namely, that administrative procedures "are somewhat deficient in ecclesiastical practice and the

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HOPE ON THE HORIZON

When Dean Rusk declared a few weeks ago that the United States' Vietnam policies were under reconsideration from A to Z, the public's reaction was consistent with its reception of most Johnson Administration announcements relating to the war: skepticism. The response was instinctive. It has been one of the unfailing marks of the current Administration to be unable not only to inspire, but also to convince the public of the honesty of its words and the sincerity of its proposals. But on the matter of the reassessment in Vietnam, if on nothing else in 52 months and 10 days, the Administration was to be believed implicitly; the reassessment is going all the way from A to Z. It includes not only a change in field commanders, a restricted bombing halt, the naming of negotiations representatives, and belated prodding of the South Vietnamese that it is they who must carry the "main burden of preserving their freedom"; it also includes a change of the American Commander-in-Chief. For that is the sum of President Johnson's stunning decision not to seek and not to accept nomination for reelection. The country will have not only a new President in 1968; it will have a new director of military operations—and concepts.

The implications of this sudden development of events are vast and are certain to have a profound effect on history. A new political machine will be assembled; new national and international policies will evolve; new men will lead the nation and, because of the U.S.'s colossus-status, they will bring a new and different U.S. influence to world affairs. But if the immediate reading of public reaction provides any hard clue, problems of influence, political fortunes, party concerns and budgetary stability are secondary by far to the realization that the Johnson decision quickens the possibilities of peace. Mr. Johnson has held out the olive branch and underscored the sincerity of his gesture by the affirmation not to be a candidate for reelection. This removes

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his will for peace from any and all political contexts, and hopefully will provide Hanoi assurance of the purity and sincerity of U.S. peace intentions required before it —Hanoi—will sit down at the conference table.

The worry is that Hanoi will view Mr. Johnson's latest move in the context of past postures and, on the basis of some firmly-grounded suspicions, react negatively. The temptation may be especially strong, since Hanoi enjoys enviable and hard-gained military initiatives throughout Vietnam. In the North, air strikes are being effectively met with ground-fire—citizen morale, at the same time, remains high; in the South, the Viet Cong owns the rural areas; Khesanh is surrounded and isolated, except from the air; the pacification program is in shambles, and the cities must maintain a 24-hour defensive alert.

It will not be easy for Hanoi to forfeit concrete advantages such as these for the intangibles of negotiation. Hanoi senses victory, and may be inclined to read into Mr. Johnson's decision a tactic to escape formal military capitulation. But this would be a very serious miscalculation on Hanoi's part. The United States is not near to capitulation and has several options through which, if worst came to worst, it could avoid capitulation. It could, for instance, adopt the enclave theory and thus maintain presence—and face—in Vietnam indefinitely, although, more likely, it would meet Hanoi intransigeance with escalations sufficient to maintain stalemate, and the war would grind on wearily to no conclusion.

Whatever that, the point is that Americans genuinely want peace, and true friends of Hanoi—Russia and U Thant, particularly—should help it see the fact. This would appear to be the greatest service to peace which both could perform at the moment.

The second great implication of Mr. Johnson's March 31 announcement bears, of course, on domestic politics. With one brief sentence, the 1968 Presidential race is booted into a cocked hat. The Republican party, presently only able to offer Richard Nixon as a serious candidate, finds itself catapulted into the position of being *the* war party, with no chance, it seems, of shedding the designation unless it succeeds in wooing a Nelson Rockefeller or a Mayor Lindsay into competition with Mr. Nixon. Apart from the fact that Mr. Nixon appears to have the convention sewed up, such a swing would still leave marginal any Republican chance for the White House. Dove Republicans who are best known are tardy espousers of peace, and a populace that promises to grow increasingly unforgiving about the war is not likely to rally to such a candidate. For the same reason, an attempt in Democratic circles to maneuver Vice President Humphrey into the office which Mr. Johnson is vacating would also be repudiated by Americans. Mr. Humphrey is tarred too heavily with the brushes of militarism to be able to appeal to a nation newly aware of the futility of war. And to a "new" dovish Hubert Humphrey, the voter would react skeptically—and with full reason.

All of which means that Mr. Johnson's decision not to run again increases measurably the chances of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy to gain the Presidency. And this is as it should be. They are the most capable of avowed candidates, and they were both willing to stand up and be counted, when the standing up took guts. True, one stood up before the other, and the other only after he glimpsed the success of the first. But those are not factors in themselves to decide an election. More important are the programs to be formulated and the issues to be debated. One of the salutary effects of the Johnson decision has been to project into the front ranks to thresh out issues the two most capable of presidential aspirants.

This magazine's sympathies have been with Senator McCarthy from the very beginning. If anything, they increased with the cogency of Mr. McCarthy's response to news of the Johnson announcement. Mr. Kennedy, the press told us, sat in "stunned silence" in an American Airlines plane, then scheduled a press conference for the next day. Mr. McCarthy, on the other hand, reacted more quickly, commenting to newsmen: President Johnson "has cleared the way for the reconciliation of our people." His was a perception that cut to the heart of the Johnson action, and saw the core of Mr. Johnson's worries and the qualities which Americans hope for in a President.

Greatness resides not just in those who excel or triumph. It resides also in those who see the limitations of their policy, the problems of their personality, and the tenuousness of the positions on which they have become fixed, and who, seeing this, sacrifice for higher purpose all or part of themselves. Whatever his acknowledged deficiencies, this was Lyndon Johnson in what had to be his terrible moment of agony.

President Johnson has been much given in recent months to comparing himself with Lincoln, seeing in the travails of Lincoln the challenges of his own Administration. It was a belabored parallel that Mr. Johnson sought

NEXT WEEK

In a special Education issue, Robert Hassenger surveys the changing patterns in Catholic colleges:

"Many young priests and laymen appear to believe that all of the problems of Catholic universities would disappear if only they were laicized. But of course they would not. Lay trustees are more apt to be chosen from among businessmen and industrialists than from among educators and social critics, and they may be even more likely than religious to turn out what Riesman calls 'patriotic, sports-loving, smooth but unsophisticated young men and piously protected, "feminine" young women.' "

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to draw, but not on March 31 when he invoked Lincoln about a house divided against itself; for this is what the United States has become under Lyndon Johnson. It is a great tribute to Mr. Johnson that he recognized both the fact and the cause, and is stepping aside in the fashion he is—not vindictively, not schemingly, but with words on his lips of peace and love among men. More could be asked of no one.

CHECKS AND BALANCES

One of the most important developments to come out of the second Vatican Council was the stress on collegiality, the concept of the bishops as a body or college sharing with the Pope as their head in the government of the universal Church. This conception was obviously valuable to help correct the overemphasis on centralized papal authority that resulted from the unscheduled end of Vatican I, and last fall's Synod of Bishops was generally considered the first major step to embody the concept in flesh-and-blood structures—not a giant step, assuredly, but a welcome beginning. A sharing of authority between pope and bishop, however, would be of limited value if a bishop acted as a benevolent tyrant in his own diocese, failing to consult in a meaningful way with either priests or people. Happily, this danger too has not been overlooked, and since the Council there has been a proliferation of new groups and associations of both clergy and laity to balance episcopal power. Recently, for example, over 300 priests representing the priests' associations and senates in almost all U.S. dioceses held a meeting in Chicago to form a nation-wide organization—a move which the late and lamented Archbishop Paul J. Hallinan of Atlanta termed, undoubtedly correctly, "one of the most significant things in the American Church since the second Vatican Council." Typically, the founders of the new organization did not ask the National Conference of Bishops for advance approval of their plan; they took their charter from the new spirit of freedom in the Church and from Council documents and went ahead on their own.

Will such organizations carry much weight in the life of the American Church? It is too early to answer that question yet, but their potentially great importance is illustrated by news of what two other organizations did at about the same time that the priests were meeting in Chicago. In Minneapolis, the National Association of Laymen urged the American bishops to put the urban-racial crisis at the top of their next agenda, arguing for a massive reorientation of Catholic spending in the light of the Presidential Riot Commission report. Thus not only was the specific goal urged by the lay Association laudable but even more significant was the underlying assumption: the conviction that laymen too should be consulted about the Church's economic policies. Secondly, shortly after the lay group expressed its views came word that members of the official priests' organization of the New York Archdiocese had called on their new Archbishop for sweeping changes in official policies, urging: 1) "full and understandable" financial statements from the Archdiocese—which would be a radical departure from the secrecy traditional in New York; 2) a voice for priests in the selection of bishops and other top officials; 3) creation of a Pastoral Council with real power, representing laity, priests and nuns; 4) establishment of a centralized department to deal with the urban crisis in a coherent and organized fashion.

These are somewhat notable examples, granted, but they are only two from the number of recently comparable happenings reported almost every week. Priests' groups and lay associations are multiplying; perhaps even more important, the spirit they represent is exploding not only in the form of such formal organizations but informally on campuses, in parishes, in convents and monasteries all over the country. What is involved in all this is not a spirit of rebellion but the expression of a Christian maturity that seeks less centralized authority and more personal responsibility in the life and growth of the Church. As such, the development is a sign of renewal and increasing vitality, and it should be welcomed by Church leaders; failure to recognize this fact, as in the current treatment of the Immaculate Heart Sisters in Los Angeles, will inevitably lead to needless division and harm to the Church.

THE NEW MEN OF POWER

"If only George Orwell could see this, the dismantling of 1984," one observer mused on the recent events in Czechoslovakia. Indeed, Mr. Novotny's fall and the obvious reluctance of the Soviet Union to intervene more than perfunctorily on his behalf are testimony to how far events have proceeded to discredit the totalitarian monolith theory of international Communism. For the first time in twenty years a hundred flowers are blooming, with effects felt already in Polish, East German and Hungarian governments which are now trying to suppress or discredit similar developments within their own borders.

East European specialists, Nicholas Halasz among them, have long argued that the Soviet umbrella, from Stalin's regime to the present, never was an arrangement to integrate or assimilate the East European cultures into the Russian, and that political rule, contrary to the myth, did not carry with it a concomitant suppression of social traditions, relying instead on a gradual transformation of loyalties and attitudes toward a withering of "archaic" political patterns. As a result of this lack of a "cultural revolution," the winds of change have signalled the release of participatory politics, paralleling events in the United States and elsewhere where the old order simply addresses a constituency that is no longer in touch with the felt needs of an increasingly articulate and informed

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activist electorate. Essentially, as *The Economist* points out, Mr. Novotny really had no choice at the end, a fact which speaks to the old guard's penchant for closing alternatives until the only choices which do remain are either a savage repression, something even Franco has recently rejected, or resignation to the steamroller of public discontent.

The eventual outcome, while still up in the air, will probably be a measure of individual liberty and a legitimacy unknown in Czechoslovakia's recent history, with clear indications of changes yet to come toward further liberalization and reform; with any degree of success the recrudescence of nationalism in Prague is likely to inspire further dissidence and student protest in other bloc nations, leading to an already perceptible diminution of Soviet power and influence. Events have outrun the ability of men like Mr. Novotny even to adjust their perspective, much less deal with the times; this is the specter haunting Eastern Europe.

Negro Law Schools: The Liberals' Dilemma

Integrate or Else! This seems to be the attitude of white liberals towards the students in the predominantly Negro law schools in the South. The few surviving "black" law schools face extinction as the flow of private and governmental support bypasses them in favor of other areas of legal education.

These schools, which were founded by Southern white legislatures in order to maintain "separate but equal" legal facilities, have in the face of insurmountable difficulties obtained fairly impressive results. The schools receive little outside support, however, for two reasons: the conservatives, who would like to maintain them in order to keep the white schools white, realize their battle is lost; the "liberals," who ordinarily would support programs aimed at insuring more Negro lawyers, hold the institutions in contempt because they are termed academically inferior and racially segregated. While the conservatives' lack of interest represents a final acceptance of reality on their part, the liberals' attitude is deceptive—showing naiveté and unwitting destructiveness.

The liberal argument claims not that a Negro institution is inherently inferior but that these particular institutions are inferior because of the history of discrimination against them. Since the institutions were never adequately provided for, they became stepsisters to their larger, more prosperous white brother schools, it is claimed, and now it is cheaper to close them down than to strengthen them. But this argument overlooks one major point. If the law schools are not inherently inferior, then they can become viable by spending money to attract more staff and improve present facilities. To argue on economic grounds that the schools must close is the grossest hypocrisy. If money can be found to strengthen and rebuild the predominantly white and sometimes newer state-related law schools in the Southern states, no honest argument can be made for allowing the Negro colleges to suffocate financially.

The second rationale presented for closing these institutions is based on the premise that they are segregated. Even if we forget that up to 20% of their enrollments are non-Negro, the "segregated" tag is really a misnomer. Certainly no one could reasonably argue that the price of a legal education must be attendance as a minority member at a white institution. If a school doesn't restrict its membership to any racial group but happens, for valid reasons, to be predominantly Negro (or Catholic or Jewish), it is not segregated. In fact, the common problems faced by many Southern Negro law students make their case for attending a predominantly Negro law school quite reasonable. An institution which recognizes the educational deficiencies in its students; which provides a healthy social atmosphere; which recognizes the emotional problems of identification, etc.; which is able to build strong rapport between faculty and students; which is able to provide a Negro success symbol—such an institution should quite naturally appeal to a student who does not want to compete in what is to him an alien, sometimes hostile and predominantly white atmosphere.

Surprisingly, in spite of strong governmental and private indifference to the plight of the Negro law school, some strong support has arisen. Thus, the American Bar Association, the National Bar Association, the Association of American Law Schools and the dean of the most prestigious law school in the South have all called for the strengthening of these institutions. However, such support is dismissed by many as a left-handed effort at keeping law schools segregated. In the minds of some liberals, to champion the cause of the Negro law school is to show your true colors as a segregationist.

Some attention has been given to obtaining more Negro lawyers. But the "liberal" solution to the problem centers around a program which is termed, deprecatingly enough, Legal Head Start. Thus a private foundation and a government agency have put together a $6,000,000 package whereby Negro students will travel to Head Start Centers for a summer's training at a few prestige or would-be-prestige law schools. But, assuming that such a program can in two months offset the scars of a lifetime of inferior Southern education (and this hypothesis has never been effectively proved), will this solution meet the needs of the students who are now attending predominantly Negro law schools as well as of the communities to which they will return?

The majority of the students in the Southern Negro colleges are usually older and have greater responsibilities than their counterparts in white institutions. Most of them

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cannot travel 1500 miles for a summer internship, no matter how liberal the scholarships. Furthermore, even if we write these students off and assume that other Negro students can be recruited to fill "Legal Head Start Centers," what of the needs of the majority of the Negro communities? 75% of Negro lawyers are said to be in the 10 largest Northern cities, but over 60% of the Negro population are in the South and Southwestern part of the nation. It is naiveté almost to the point of ignorance to suppose that the majority of students specially recruited, trained and eventually graduated from prestige schools will return to Temple, Texas, or Philadelphia Mississippi, to practice law. There are just too many big companies and firms who are looking for "their Negro lawyers" to make this practical. While integrating Wall Street is a noble task, the majority of Negro Americans who reside in the South also deserve some attention.

In short, the closing of the predominantly Negro law schools will effectively stem the flow of Negro attorneys —although "trickle" might be a more accurate word to describe the past twenty years. While Legal Head Start will attempt to provide needed Negro attorneys, it obviously shouldn't be the sole solution to the problem. And allowing the South's biggest source of Negro lawyers to dry up and disappear is no solution at all.

EUGENE M. HARRINGTON

(Mr. Harrington is Assistant Professor of Law at Texas Southern University, Houston.)

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BRITAIN IN TURMOIL

BROWN, BULLION AND BUMBLE

The international gold crisis was an ironic reminder to Britons that America's greater financial resources are also matched by its greater financial headaches. Last autumn, the world economy effortlessly absorbed the devaluation of the pound. More recently, the panic run on gold threatened to create havoc not only in America but also in other major trading nations of the world, especially Britain. In the event, London lost nothing more than a Foreign Secretary, George Brown, and bullion dealers in the City earned several months' commissions in less than a week of frantic dealing. American protectionist measures which could wipe out the gain from last autumn's devaluation remain no more than a possibility.

Two days after the two-price settlement for gold was announced, with British support, Her Majesty's Government unveiled policies for one thing it can still hope to control—domestic taxation. This was the first budget of the new Chancellor, Roy Jenkins, currently the man most favored to succeed Mr. Wilson, if Wilson should accidentally fall or be pushed under a bus proceeding down Whitehall. Jenkins' speech showed him a master of Parliamentary style, but in terms of content, it was more nearly a banker's budget, grinding the poor, than that of a Socialist Chancellor soaking the rich. Jenkins' goal—a two percent reduction in consumption—required massive tax increases. Instead of boosting income tax, the chief burden has been placed on consumers, in the form of higher indirect taxes on cigarettes, drink, motoring, refrigerators, ice cream, and chocolates. This, it is hoped, will reduce imports and simultaneously push British manufacturers to work harder at exporting.

The most explosive measure in the budget is that proposing continued strict controls on wages, with maximum increases of 3½ percent in the next 12 months. With devaluation, price increases in the nationalized industries and higher indirect taxes all forcing the cost of living up, this effectively means reducing real wages for millions of people, including many of Labor's trade union supporters. Trade unions in Britain are much less accustomed to legislative regulations of their affairs, and more fearful than their American counterparts. Union leaders gave the proposal for wage controls without price controls a rough reception. Some fear the encouragement this may give a future Conservative government to restrict wage increases. Others point to the immediate practical difficulty of restraining rising wages without an increase in unemployment. Full employment, for decades the keystone of Labor's industrial policy, is no longer a prime government goal.

Mr. Wilson's government might benefit a little from trade union opposition. Having lost its deposit at the last by-election, Labor can hardly do much worse in successive tests. Its pundits hope that opposition in the form of official or unofficial strikes might increase confidence in the government's toughness, by letting Labor politicians act as strikebreakers. In the House of Commons, however, the renewed attack upon trade union rights will place greater strains upon many of the 138 Labor MPs whose candidacies are sponsored by a union. Normally, trade union MPs are short on imagination but long on loyalty, supporting the official leadership without hesitation and, some would, argue, without thought. If the trade union MPs began to turn against the government, then Mr. Wilson might someday find a Cabinet policy failing to secure endorsement in the increasingly public meetings of the Parliamentary Labor Party.

The resignation of George Brown gives the trade union group a potential leader. Before Brown took up an interest in foreign affairs, he was an official of Britain's largest union, the Transport & General Workers, and he has since

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maintained contact with Frank Cousins, who had earlier resigned from Mr. Wilson's Cabinet on economic issues to return to the leadership of that union. Brown has long been known to be unhappy about the government's economic policy; he nearly resigned during the July, 1966 crisis. Since then, his standing in the party has gone downhill. His resignation came last week because of pique that his views had not been solicited on the gold crisis, and because the Prime Minister was tired of trying to calm his volatile temperament. Because his ambitions for office can go no higher, Brown could be a dangerous opponent of the Prime Minister, for he has nothing to lose by launching attacks on an increasingly vulnerable target. There are those who would encourage him, on grounds of principle and in order to advance their own ambitions in a palace coup.

In his resignation speech the day before the budget, Brown made two charges against Wilson. First, he alleged that the Prime Minister was trying to turn the constitution into a presidential one. This opprobrious term referred to Wilson's penchant for dealing with Cabinet ministers singly, rather than in a collective Cabinet meeting, where he might be outnumbered. As long as the bilateral deals work, no one complained. The graver charge was that Wilson was tending to let power slip out of the hands of Westminster, and be usurped by "sources quite outside political control altogether." This was a reference to the government's desire, since the original commitment to defend the pound in 1964, to maintain the confidence of foreign bankers in Britain's economic policies.

The prospect of industrial battles threatens the future of this Labor government more than the colorful highly publicized battles that are now erupting in formerly sedate universities and in front of elegant embassies. In Grosvenor Square on St. Patrick's Day, British opponents of the Vietnam war chose a very Irish way of demonstrating for peace. After the demonstration, medical treatment was given to 117 policemen, 45 demonstrators and eight police horses. The courts are now slowly processing more than 200 charges filed against demonstrators, including possession of weapons such as pepper, marbles, paint to simulate blood for TV cameras, and other handy anti-riot-prevention devices. Among those charged were students from America and the Continent, some of whom came to London especially for the happening.

Unlike many left-wing demonstrations, such as the Aldermaston Peace March, the protest against Vietnam is in accord with British public opinion. The latest National Opinion Poll study shows 59 percent of the British public against supporting America in Vietnam, a rise of ten percent in the numbers of opponents in the past year. Graphic press and television reports appearing here from Vietnam have done nothing to bolster respect for America's strategic judgment, or its ability to economize in the use of military supplies, including human life.

The one arena where substantial support for America's policy still exists is in the House of Commons. Ever since his abortive attempts to play the peacemaker, Mr. Wilson has shown little inclination to initiate discussions on Vietnam. Yet he has also shown no desire to alter his government's tacit support for American policy. Months of fighting to defend a new devalued pound gave him good reason to avoid alienating American goodwill by raising awkward questions about an issue that in London has seemed peripheral. Mr. Edward Heath, with his usual tactical maladroitness, has recently pledged the Conservative Opposition, for what it is worth, to give full support to America in Vietnam. The point is—what is Britain's support worth? As long as the country's economy continues in difficulty, neither its support nor its opposition will be of much consequence in Southeast Asia. The replacement of George Brown by Michael Stewart implies no commitment to change in foreign policy. Labor MPs dissatisfied with the government will not have to turn to foreign affairs to find something to complain about.

In the subculture of the extreme left, the Vietnam war remains important, especially among the student left. The Grosvenor Square riots were partly student organized, and conformed to a pattern of protest that has broken out in many academic centers in recent months. The Home Secretary, James Callaghan, was greeted by a chorus of "Heils" at Nuffield College, Oxford. Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker, the Minister for Education, was shouted down by students in Manchester, and at Sussex a U.S. Embassy official speaking there in defense of the Vietnam war was daubed with red paint. The majority of British students are no more radical than students of business administration on an American state university campus. But the articulate minority has been growing in strength, stimulated by general disillusionment with the Labor government's international and economic policies, and specific unhappiness about its universities policy. In the world of the Radical Students Alliance, the end—student power—justifies the means of extra-constitutional and illegal protest demonstrations.

In showing such behavior, the left-wing militants reject the fashionable Edward Shils-S.M. Lipset thesis of British civility (i.e., deference and decorum) in public affairs. At a time when a Labor government is civil to bankers and harsh on workers, such a term has the same connotations to the left that the word "consensus" has in America. Yet some British traditions still remain intact. The police officer in charge of defending the American Embassy rejected the idea of using tear gas and hoses on the grounds "it would be a bit foreign to us." The crowd that demonstrated about events far outside its jurisdiction, ignoring handier targets such as Rhodesia, or British race relations, showed, as they marched from Trafalgar Square, that Admiral Nelson was not the only Englishman with one blind eye.

RICHARD ROSE

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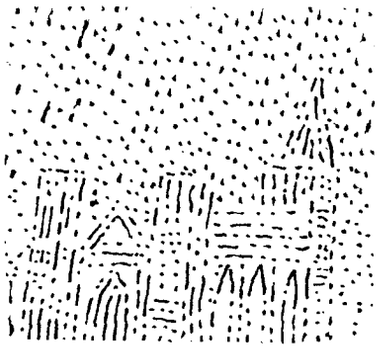

THE UNDERGROUND CHURCH

Gimmick, subversion or movement of radical Church renewal?

MALCOLM BOYD

A student at Yale, seated in the front row of a discussion group which I was addressing, shot a question at me: "I have heard a number of people say the Underground Church is wrong because it means a withdrawal from action. It means copping out. How can you say it is a good thing if it means copping out?"

During the same recent visit to Yale, in a different kind of discussion with another group, a student asked: "If you seriously believe in the Underground Church, shouldn't you get out of that clerical collar, grab a gun, and go out into the hills as a guerrilla?"

Both incidents reveal that "Underground Church" dismayingly shows a curious surface similarity with "Black Power": each combination of words evokes strong emotional reactions from people who fail to agree on a definition itself. I noted recently that "Black Power" seems to contain as many ambiguities as, say, the Nicene Creed, the words "I love you" or The Star-Spangled Banner. Undoubtedly, various people look upon the "Underground Church" as (a) a new gimmick—evangelism in subways—in the same genre as jazz or folk masses and church coffeehouses, (b) an instrument of Christian revolutionary action in Latin America, (c) disconnected groups of itinerant Christians dispersed in North American urban centers, (d) a movement to destroy the institutional Church, or (e) a movement of radical Church renewal.

Most people familiar with it, however, would agree that, as of now, the underground is a contemporary Christian revolutionary movement in the U.S. bypassing official Church structures and leadership, and concerned with Christian unity *and* radical involvement in the world (specifically meaning the black revolution, the peace-liberation movement, and issues connected with the question of poverty).

Is it a "good" or a "bad" thing? Persons in the underground, as well as the Establishment (or official-institutional) Church, disagree in attempting to answer this question. And, at this moment, events are moving so rapidly that the underground itself is changing constantly. In the past few weeks, no less than a half-dozen position papers concerning the underground, written by Catholics and Protestants, clergy and laymen, have come into my hands. The authors of these papers seem caught in an acute awareness of the nature of contemporary society and the Church and, too, of precisely what meanings the underground could hold for the future of the Church.

In addition to such statements, a new dimension—the theological underground—was brought into the discussion by William Hamilton, a leading spokesman for the new radical theology, in the course of a forum on the "New Religion" at Union Theological Seminary on Jan. 31. In a preparatory statement for the forum, Hamilton said: "I am interested in opening up the channels between three as yet unconnected portions of the religious underground today: the theological underground which is dealing often radically with the problem of God; the church renewal underground (which varies from the conservative desire to save the church by new strategies of relevance and appeal to a more revolutionary willingness to pull down and start over again), and the ethical-witness underground which is focused on the problem of war protest and civil disobedience. What are the tunnels between these three sectors: are the church renewal peo-

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ple theologically conservative; are the activists either traditional or bored theologically; are the radical theologians subversive of the church, or too optimistic ethically to be committed to the protest movement? I think most of us belong to more than one of these sectors, but I think the understanding and cooperation and support we can offer one another needs to become articulate and palpable."

I agree with Hamilton that most underground people tend to cross lines between sectors, knowing the meaning of community in the other "as yet unconnected portions." Yet understanding and cooperation have, as he stated, not become "articulate and palpable." Indeed, it seems the nature of the underground to have grown so suspicious of establishment organization that it shies away from minimal and often necessary forms of institutionalization.

Ecumenism at establishment levels has always been a double-headed matter: unity *and* renewal. One without the other would be a nightmare. But what *is* renewal? This is perhaps the most controversial question in the underground. The underground criticizes much of what the establishment has labeled renewal—liturgical updating, evangelistic experiments, trying to become "relevant" to "youth"—and sees renewal (though it is leery of the word itself) as involvement in the radical movements within society. This, it is felt, draws the focus of worship away from religion to God, attempting to substitute servanthood (washing people's feet) in place of the idolatry of religion (closed-group incestuousness in the *name* of God).

Some renewal people in the underground wish to do everything in their power to forestall the death of the Church as it is understood today, wanting to revitalize existing structures and forms. To do this, they are willing, if welcomed, to work in the establishment in devising drastic strategies they believe are needed to prevent a literal collapse of Church power and structure in the U.S. It only intensifies their awareness of the imminent danger in which the Church is found when they are not welcomed to take part in such life-saving attempts. The underground contains a number of "unemployables" in the establishment; these men and women claim that they love the Church, so much so that they are in the underground to fight for its life.

Yet, for the non-renewal part of the underground, life can only follow death. "Keep struggling, dear friend," a member of the underground, a white clergyman in Alabama, wrote me the other day. "I don't know, as things get worse I get more ecstatic in the love of the Lord and plain old joy. Not exactly happy but exhilarated." His statement reflects joy in what he obviously regards as the present death and resurrection of the Church. Many men and women are participating, with thanksgiving, in the dying and in *the willing of the death.*

At present, the Underground Church's double thrust of pragmatic ecumenism in a liturgical sense and radical social action saves it from any tendency to become an ingrown holiness sect, cut off from the problems of society. Yet, as the establishment virtually eliminates, time after time, liturgical experiments to make worship honestly meaningful for an increasing number of men and women, the underground is placed in the complex situation of being ghettoized. Worship, for an incredibly large number of people, has now become underground. The alternative is an unchanged Sunday morning charade: there seems no middle-ground. Consequently, extemporaneous, primitive, indigenous liturgies are cropping-up everywhere, invariably in home settings.

Many of these home settings are related to the peace-liberation movement. Catholics and Protestants involved in the movement frequently feel closer to Jews and humanists who share their commitment than to fellow church members who do not; it is probably only natural that such an intense commitment, rooted in the very ground of one's faith, should tend to be reflected in liturgical action in front of an altar (converted from a living-room table) as well as in the world. Many in the peace-

liberation movement feel that the U.S. is fighting an illegal war in Vietnam; therefore, persons resisting the war are, in effect, not "resisters" but "patriots." So, many underground Christians feel—while rejecting the self-righteousness which tends to accompany self-identification with a "remnant"—that they are making a vital contribution to the continuing integrity and even life of the Body of Christ in secular society.

The present necessity for underground worship *to be underground,* as it violates the will of the establishment, stands in ironical contrast to its radically out-in-the-open involvement in social issues. If this should inflict a paranoia on the Underground Church, the results might be disastrous for a large number of Christians. Who can act as a mediator in this American crisis between "hierarchy" and "people"? In Europe, the tensions between innovators and traditional leadership seem both to be more openly frank and relaxed in practice.

The French worker-priests seem, in the present life of the Underground Church, to be brother-figures. Henri Perrin's unforgettable words (supported, of course, by his life-style) in *Priest-Workman in Germany,* have a curiously identifiable ring for today's underground, even across the passage of time with its consequent changes:

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"All this calls for men who can get out of themselves, who will cease walking by lonely paths, and will come to the high roads where men of all nations pass by. Such Christians as these, leaping over the rottenness of the world at a bound, will stand up before men, bearing the light of Christ past the winding ways and false mysticisms which mislead them. This also calls for men to leave the Ghetto in which they so often shut themselves up—in *our* churches, *our* papers, *our* movements, *our* good works—this calls for them to be amongst pagans, and really become theirs as Christ became ours, giving up their life, their time, their resources, their activity, for those who haven't yet heard the "good tidings." A Christian hasn't finished his job when he has gone to Mass on Sunday. The Church's prayer, and the body of Christ, are only given to him as a help towards bringing HIM to the world. And if men do not recognize in us the love and goodness of our Father, then we have done *nothing*—we haven't even begun to serve Him."

How did such words, and such a life-style, influence many of the priests and laymen, the nuns and no-longer-"separated brethren" of today's American underground, to feel they must leap outside the ghetto of separation from each other and the world?

Now—*this* moment, *this* day, *this* year, *this* situation—is a time of peril, turmoil and intense pain. The joy of it possesses little that can be related to security, yet comes close to the very dry, terribly worldly joy of Jesus approaching the cross. Vietnam, with its genocide and unbearable human ordeal, is matched by the ugly torture of freedom of expression and dissent in the U.S. Whites, choosing to moralize furiously about "Black Power," seem determined to remain oblivious to the dehumanization and murder which have become inseparable from "White Power." Hard poverty, as a cancerous growth in the social body, has been denied honest or effective treatment. At a time when the only alternative to creative international community seems to be holocaust, nationalism is rampant. The Christian Gospel holds little meaning, in the minds of most people, to these and such problems as hunger and population explosion, for the Church seems to have chosen—despite the examples of such persons as John XXIII and Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and the witness of Vatican II—self-perpetuation as a social institution instead of sacrificial servanthood.

This is the key to much of the underground's motivation. *To insist, by whatever means, that the Church be itself.*

I can recall strange experiences of the underground. Often I experience it when I am with students, during late-hours on American campuses. It is midnight or 1 a.m. My 5 o'clock shadow has shifted to need of a morning shave. The underground is worshiping. Not formally, not religiously, perhaps only by intention and surely *with* Jesus. It is engaged (these students who have now stayed with me for four or five hours of "discussion" which is a feeling out of each other and a movement toward confession, proclamation and community) in its understanding of prayer. However, nine-tenths of the chaplains and other clergy, accompanied by the other "adult" Christians, left us alone in our hall two or three hours ago. They departed for a nightcap: Carson, scotch or ovaltine. Once again, the establishment did not encounter the underground. Lacking such rudimentary meeting, of course, there is no dialogue or communion.

There was a "pre-underground" experience in my life which deeply affected everything which followed it. It was the summer of 1965. I was in Mississippi with S.N.C.C. I lived and worked—shared the totality of my life—with four young men, all of whom were black and longtime veterans of the freedom movement. One had, in fact, been sentenced once to a chain gang for a civil rights offense, and all had long experiences of jails, police brutality and rejection as humans by white society.

The first Sunday morning rolled around. What was I to do? Leave my brothers, with whom I shared life and the fear of death, and go to meet 'God' in a segregated church building which was angrily and firmly closed to them? Did Christ come only to the whites in their religious private club, in the prescribed and rigidly uniform manner of bread and wine administered by an ordained priest? Was Christ not also with *us,* the four young men of S.N.C.C. and I, in the broken-down wooden shack in which we had spent the night with an impoverished black family? Eating bread and drinking coffee together, did we not "receive" Christ?

In September, 1967, I had another curious "underground" experience. I was with around 46 other Americans in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, to spend a week in a trade union hostel with N.L.F. and D.R.V. Vietnamese, to meet them, share life, and talk specifically about mutual problems of war and peace. Most of the other Americans were much younger than I: students and post-students, working as community organizers in U.S. suburban slums. Most had religious backgrounds (and would, indeed, have discussed these as *back*grounds). Yet, as moral persons, they put to shame devout church members who have clung to racism, nationalism, affluence, establishment status and religious privilege. There was, certainly, much which could only be called liturgical in our meetings, meals, laughter, tears, formal excursions and informal encounters. How to link *this* with *that,* I had to ask myself again and again. *How?*

It made me recall a summer program for the benefit of neighborhood slum youth which was conducted in my first parish, in Indianapolis. The Negro children's enrollment had kept increasing, as, proportionately, there came a sharp decrease in the number of white children. Finally, at the end of the summer, there was to be a party in the church parish hall which would officially terminate the program. Some 150 persons at the event were black parents of youngsters who had participated. Only five

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members of the all-white church were present, although the total membership had been urged, and begged, repeatedly to come. By not doing so, they emphatically repudiated the idea of any relationship with black neighbors in the community.

The next morning, at Sunday eucharist in the church building, not a word was said about the preceding evening. Everybody participated in the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, sat amiably through a harsh sermon, and smilingly remained afterwards for coffee and cakes in the same parish hall which had been the scene of the last night's murder. The parish thereby announced, non-verbally, that the church would remain a private reserve, even a non-Christian club with restrictive membership clauses. "Damn it, we're going to keep it that way"—one could almost see the handwriting on the church wall—"in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

I mention these incidents because many Christians in the underground have, in their own place, time and manner, shared similar ones. There is no desire to be disobedient, but, in fact, to be obedient. It is hard to know what constitutes compromise. One is a social being, absorbed in social actions, and therefore the giver and receiver of moral ambiguities. What could "dropping out" possibly mean? There is nowhere to go. To be responsible, then, means an involvement in both compromise and moral ambiguities. This, at least, precludes a stance of self-righteousness. Yet it does not offer an immediate antidote for despair. What is immensely hopeful and so potentially creative about the present *and* the future is the very openness of both. Foundations have been shattered; one may look ahead to alternatives incredible in their diversity, yet be a part of determining which alternative it shall be.

Can the underground serve as a bridge between alienated and cut-off people? Surely, it must mean renewal in the deepest sense of that word, which means dying preceding a resurrection. But we are all of us, individually and in solidarity, called upon to go through this process all the time. Then what is there to fear? I suppose abrasive pride, hurt egos, killing beyond dying, desperation, and what happens whenever communication is lacking between people and they are ghettoized, at least from one another. The present situation is quite beyond pointing fingers and reeling off lists of researched grievances and mutual mortal sins.

Serious separation, far worse than we have even imagined up to this time, is ahead unless there can be an action of healing. It cannot come from mere authority in the name of authority, for, it is felt, moral leadership has too often been abdicated in peace, race and poverty, to be invoked conveniently in isolated acts of discipline. It cannot come from mere revolution, for there must be face-saving, evolution itself, and, more important, a kind of truth which must be freed from anger which is always self-destructive as well as destructive of the other.

Could there be an answer by looking toward an analogy with the problem of race? Many people do not realize it, but integration was achieved in the only possible way when it was formally denounced, and, to all intents and purposes, put away in a locked filing cabinet. Before, it had meant "whites and blacks getting together," smiling, role-playing, not speaking of mutually felt hate, suppressing real feelings, failing to make *real* changes, and also excluding most people who were not at an establishment level. Now, it has come to mean a *mutually* accepted social separation for the purpose of achieving a *mutually* accepted goal: black consciousness, a white awareness of its paternalism and grab-bag of motives, whites healing whites, blacks healing blacks (no more nice missionaries coming up the path with a cross, a gun and a dollar)—and, all the time, a tremendous beginning of new individual relationships in social equality and honesty, pointing the way toward the possibility of a remade society.

Could there be a *mutually* accepted understanding of how some people work in the underground and others in the establishment for the purpose of achieving a *mutually* accepted goal: a resurrection Church? Establishment people working with establishment people, underground people with underground people, Christ-consciousness, a mutual acceptance of moral ambiguities—and, all the time, a tremendous beginning of new individual relationships in clerical-human equality and honesty, pointing the way toward the possibility of a remade Christian community.

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ROBERT FRANCIS

CROMWELL

After the celebrated carved misericords
And various tombs, the amiable sexton
Shows you by St. Mary's door the stone
Where Cromwell's men sharpened their swords.

Was it not a just, a righteous, war
When indiscriminate Irish blood
Flowed for the greater glory of God
Outside St. Mary's door?

If righteousness be often tipped with steel,
Be rightly tipped, psalm-singing men
Will help themselves to holy stone
To whet their zeal.

So you have both: the mellow misericords
Gracing the choir
And just outside the door
The swords.

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LOOK, MA: NO HOPE

A multiple memoir of the New Left

MICHAEL ROSSMAN

That man in Chicago or wherever, the one they were doing the operation on and his heart stopped unexpectedly, and they iced his head and all while they finally got it started again, but by every test known to medical science he was dead for five full minutes. And it changed him; and after, he wrote a book about what it was like beyond, and about coming back. But didn't he touch the ground differently, though! and feel the way his shirt rubbed his neck, and use his eyes with a different style, after he'd been genuinely certifiably dead, even if his heart was frail and might go at any moment.

We're somewhat like that, our motion has the grace of coming after Impossible. I mean the set of changes in my generation, and in the younger kids, which is all we know of social health and social hope, and of community. The changes started showing up first in our public behavior, color them The New Activism, and then in our fairly private behavior, color them Hippyism. I happen to think a strong case can be made for the deep interrelation of these "movements," two faces of a coherent cultural transition; and that we already can begin a useful description of the sources of this transition, in terms of the sharply-new social and cultural technologies that define our time.

But there's a different way in which I think about where our change came from—which I do a lot, trying to figure out where it's going and what it's heading into, these days whose surfaces glitter with paranoid flashes of fear. Aside from the whole Black thing, and aside from the distant mythic Cain/Abel brother-rending thing—looming beyond and deeper than the real generational clash which the present trivial hippy-pogrom portends—there's the War, the War. It presses upon our lives. My kid brother, scholarship freshman, is on the Dean's reprimand list for the Dow sit-in; where will he be when they try to close the Boston Induction Center? My sister, her sad and daredevil lover 1-AO near Pleiku, is gone with a nest of others to begin a grave and impossible building-peace project in a hostile town. Jan comes onto me about jail in the supermarket, I balance near the napkins, paralyzed by her voice's shadows. "But you were only in for nine weeks," she says, almost accusingly, "look how long it took you to come back. What about five years?" I tried to close my self off with statistics, what could I say? Two thousand burnt draftcards now. So many like her Marty, who won't flee to Canada and won't go in: he waits in the graduate lottery. They live it over and over again in advance, to make it hurt less when it comes. "I'm going to learn typing," she says, "so I can get a job in Kentucky or wherever they send him." Last week, friends who helped organize the October anti-draft protests were indicted for criminal conspiracy, 1-to-3. Karen looks up, the fear she would mask betrayed for an instant when I tell her, be back later, going to a meeting. "What kind?" "Planning." An incomplete gesture of her right hand: "I wish you w . . . ," unwillingly, signing the Complicity Statement with her left hand. (Karen is left-handed.) No, brothers and sisters and comrades, the horizon is heavy with darkness; I think and hope it is not hope that drives and sustains us in our difference.

Our hopeless beauty . . . Please understand what I mean by that beauty. I mean that kids are prettier now than they used to be and looser, more at ease with being themselves; and they touch each other more, even given all the bull that goes on about touching. And the beauty lies also in the faltering movements and moods we have created, filled with contradictions and life.

Our hopeless beauty, then, flowered from a barren landscape of Impossible. Granted: our motion once begun, the Monday-morning political historian can sort through the newsclips and our letters, and trick out a real pattern of contagion and causality: we grew in a describable way: in that sense and in retrospect, it wasn't impossible. But I no longer believe things work in that neat and sensible fashion: I don't think a description of seeds and forces sufficiently accounts for our change and its character, for the manner of its birth. For there is a sense of Impossible intimately connected with this birth, which will never be displayed in the social equations we build with our data.

Summer, 1964, some months before the Free Speech Movement illuminated our lives. During six years in Berkeley, I had watched new left politics begin with us, crest with the 1960 HUAC and Chessman demonstrations, and fill out its first phase that Spring, with successful waves of mass sit-ins at hotels and auto show-

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rooms in San Francisco. Something real was in motion, with a puzzling newness which touched and promised my life. That was what struck me, that summer: the newness I sensed, and how so much of what we had we'd made ourselves, because there was no other way to get it. And I tried to remember where it'd been at when we started moving, what the landscape of possibility had seemed:

When the long season of fear settled in,
they felt the icebergs of loneliness grow:
friends froze and fell away,
informed, ate shit.
The rocks of insult
hardening children
the arrows of letters
bearing divorces, betrayals, flights from
and to
the emptinesses of lost jobs,
feared chances
the tangible moments
of voiceless despair at the imagined awaited
knock at the door, brought
by strayed sound in the early darkness
all chipped away at the heart,
crumbled the granite of hope and belief,
and not content then ground them
in the ground: doors were fear,
they wrote lies and spoke words
carefully whitewashed, friends
were strangers, confidence closed,
and they waited for word of the trials
eight years, till the heart was gone,
leaving a bleak moraine scored
by the irresistible gravel of pain
and disbelief, amputation and closure:
hard, compacted, smooth, nothing left
to be torn away.
And the heart
was gone, that's all, not
handed on: gone good
and simple and forever. They'll never measure
how those draining years bled the color
from a landscape, left us empty outline.

That was how it was when we began, I thought four years ago and think still. No one really believed anyone could do anything much about anything. In America those years, before the black people spoke up, with protest crushed and an empty glossy monolithic politics, a man who wanted change—and believed we would die without it—could throw his empty coffeecup on the ground and make it break; but not much else. It was against this background that we began to move: not out of hope, but because we had to, because that context of Impossible granted us a weird sort of freedom.

It's hard to get a handle on that freedom, for we're still just beginning to explore its implications. May I call it the Freedom of the Children of the Bomb? For that is the larger, or louder, background. Remember ten years ago, when to be Thoughtful about Television was the fashion: "All that watching, what is it doing to the children?" The question was never answered and people stopped wondering—until McLuhan suggested that those 15,000-hours-per-18-year-old might all along have been pressing heads in a rather odd fashion which is only now showing up. (Pardon me ma if I act funny.) Likewise, everyone used to make a big thing about how we were the first kids to grow up with the Bomb. As we were: though there may be many of my generation who can't remember waking up with those nightmares, there's enough who can so that they're probably our most common property. But nobody ever said what all that *meant*.

What did it do to us, to learn as children to imagine the death of the world with a sound-shaped BOMB? At some deep and irrevocable level, I submit, we imagine—hence believe, hence accept—absolute annihilation, from the Latin *nihil,* nothing. It's all over, baby blue: pfffft, gone, done, that's it. *It has already happened.* Just as your lover's death and your own stalk, believed and living, in the jungles of the unexplored source of the Nile of your motions—which is part of what it is, to be a man—so the death of the race lives newly within us. With the reality of the possible, *it has already happened.* That shapes us, that spreads an indelible stain through our doing, that grants us the freedom to be what we are, for we are all there is. (Pardon me ma if I act free.)

With that deep knowledge—which would be a presence even without the Cuban crisis, *On The Beach,* the Greenland H-bombs as constant reminder—kids are learning to touch what is, each other, and themselves. For this is the constant broad direction of the vehicles we choose for our motion: the kinds of educational reform we push, how we use pot and acid, the group-games we investigate, the way we try to style our political/social action, and so on: towards Touch. There are other descriptions; I put it this way because of that man from Chicago or wherever, and how he must have touched the ground differently after (while his heart stood watching like an unpredictable bomb; but I don't think that part really matters).

Well there ain't no time to wonder why
Whoopee!
(sing Country Joe and the Fish,
in "Vietnam Rag")
we're all gonna die!

What strikes me is the genuineness of that raucous cry's humor and cheer, so distinctively ours. Call it Absurd Affirmation if you must, though that name doesn't ring true to me. All I know is that it comes from accepting Impossible and going on from there, free; and it has nothing to do with hope. I can't explain this. I can only tell you about the event that led me to see it this way—the

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way I now see our response to the McCarthy Winter and the Bomb, as I sit watching our time advance with headline wings on a dark horizon, and think about going down to the Induction Center in April.

It was Oct. 2, 1964, and we were sitting around a car, waiting. We'd been sitting there for 30 hours, a thousand kids, trapping a police car in Sproul Plaza. The car was there to haul away a kid arrested for sitting at an "illegal" CORE table, collecting money and members. The table was "illegal" because the Administration had up and changed the rules governing campus political activity on us—by some coincidence, just when Civil Rights work seemed to be having a real impact, with the successful hotel and Auto Row sit-ins. And so, for the first time, because it was something a lot of people had learned to care about, we fought back actively, to defend what had grown to be our own as we'd grown. And what happened after that, we called the Free Speech Movement.

Much was memorable about the FSM, which remains not only the longest and most energetic campus movement of our decade of rising protest, but also the one in which the characteristic traits of our political style (and its existential roots) appear most clearly. But that's a long story, I'm writing a book. More to the point are the images that remain with me from that vigil around the car. A night of huddled community, showered by eggs and cigarettes from a minor mob of drunken fraternity kids. Minstrels in the morning, playing while shared sleepingbags were rolled and the Plaza swept clean. Strong Fall sun, sandwiches and lemonade and salt-tablets circulating among a weary sweating crowd, as if we had just invented cooperation, or on a warm and desperate picnic seen into each other's eyes. The sockfooted solemn file at the microphone atop the car, in the first real public dialogue I had ever heard, speaking of ideas as though they had real substance and meaning, as though they might somehow be made relevant to the lives clustered there.

The news of 600 police, late in the second afternoon, massed on the other side of Sproul Hall, about to repossess their car; and no word at all from our negotiators, let alone from the faculty. (It is only now, with the first murders on campuses and troops guarding the Pentagon, that the number 600 and the danger seem ordinary.) "Take off your pierced earrings, remove your ties," advised the microphone, "if we link arms it is likely they will club us apart." Someone standing by the car in those closing minutes, with a big box of green pippin apples, tossing them out to faces without appetite but lit by sudden beams, as we sang "We are not afraid" in voices shaking with fear, and waited, free.

"That event," remarks Mario, in response to my notion that the whole of the FSM was rooted and pre-performed in those galvanizing and transforming hours, "has always seemed to me to have the archaic, primitive quality of a childhood dream." And it was such a thing of our beginnings, that I despair of ever being able to describe it usefully. For that, one would have to invent a form having somewhat of the slow, violent multiplex beauty of *Ulysses in Nighttown*.

But what I remember most clearly is this. I was standing by the car itself during the last hour: watching the faces and motions of those with whom I shared this complex action that was somehow of value; thinking in last-minute flash detail of the incident history of our seven years of politics: of how it had left us, changed, and given us nothing but our selves. Around our waiting touching disc of seated bodies, 3,000 ringed, a sizable number crying for our blood. Literally: chanting, "We want blood, blood, blood." And it was clear that if the cops came in, as we expected, someone would be badly hurt, likely someone killed. A lot of people, even not-so-liberal faculty, have said so since, and I believed it at the time. I mean, we had this car, which was the only tangible thing we'd ever gotten (save for the sit-in successes; but this was their incarnation), and we just weren't about to move.

A corny background chorus is singing "We shall not be moved," and images of irresistible forces gather in the dark air, in the failing light. I stood by the car, thinking of how by the car was the most dangerous place to be and of going back out towards the edge where I'd been, and I stood by the car, running it all over in my head with a lucidity that clarified only complexity, and I stood by the car, munching on the live green of a pippin apple, and I stood by the car. There was nothing brave about this, nor grim, nor even in any sense dramatic, despite the spectacular setting: I was simply there, and accepted being there. Above all, my presence was not out of hope, nor accompanied by her. For I remember with perfect clarity thinking then: no matter what happens, whether or not the cops charge us, whatever we do or build or become: those jars for money and lists for names will never be back on the tables. And, hope given up, I was free to be there as I was, and I was.

We won that round: we got the tables back, for the time being, and in the process sparked a community whose life has persisted and grown. Now, 40 months later, we again are advocating actions that turn out to be illegal; the tables are recruiting people for another try at closing down the Induction Centers. That we will be left free to speak on seems unlikely; to close the Centers is clearly impossible. But then, we do not act from hope. I keep coming back to this, these days when the heart stops for a moment, trying to scan ahead into the chill mad currents of history. These threatening days, when our newness still stands on colt-unsteady legs, like an unauthorized fragile card-table on the edge of our campus generations: bearing a message only our own kind can or care to read, in glad amateur posters of care and despair: there is much to love and no reason to hope, be free.

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LILACS OUT OF THE DEAD LAND

THE SCREEN

If sex had never been discovered, where on earth would foreign films be? (As a matter of question, where would we be?) In any case, a batch of imports now on our screens runs true to form with a plethora of sex and an occasional sprinkling of other subjects.

No other-subject sprinkling disturbs the determined theme of "Benjamin," a French film about a naive and innocent youth who comes to live with his aunt on her estate where practically everyone, especially the females, for miles around is anxious to guide him in the art of seduction. This theme, covered by Americans and English recently in "The Graduate," "You're a Big Boy Now" and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," was best handled in more depth by the French themselves some years ago in the old-fashioned, though somewhat similar, "Devil in the Flesh." Actually "Benjamin" is a comedy of manners—the manners and love rites of 18th-century France; and Michel Deville has directed the large cast who enact the roles in Nina Companeez' screenplay in a stylized way, as if the whole picture were nothing more than an exposé and parody of decadent 18th-century society.

Visually, "Benjamin" is extraordinarily beautiful with lovely color photography of southwestern France and especially the handsome Chateau St. Brice at Cognac. The costumes are stunning, and the attractive cast wear them well. Scene after scene at the chateau and its surrounding gardens and parks, with these people dancing, dining, romping, swinging, become living pictures by Watteau or Fragonard. The story is something else again and becomes rather tiresome as all the women, nobles and servants alike, work on eager Benjamin whose willingness to learn is frustrated again and again. As played by Pierre Clementi, Benjamin is a rather colorless lad, best described by the script itself as a ninny with the eyes of a doe. Among the beauties surrounding him are Michele Morgan as his aunt who's no longer in the bloom of youth and has cause to be worried about losing her lover (Michel Piccoli); Catherine Deneuve as a winsome orphan; Odile Versois, Francine Berge, and several others all anxious to help the boy become a man. Artificial, often elegant, "Benjamin" is a pastiche about a sick society in which no one seems to be interested in anything but sex. Perhaps they deserve the Revolution which is just around the corner.

Also beautifully photographed in color is "I Even Met Happy Gypsies," a Yugoslav movie that has its full share of sex scenes but also manages to show its characters at work and play and brawls and tempestuous home life. Its main character (played by Bekim Fehmiu who looks like a handsome Jean-Paul Belmondo) is a collector and trader of goose feathers, and on his travels, designed to get away from wife and kids, he manages to meet plenty of gypsy girls. He falls in love with one of these girls, an attractive teenager (Gordana Javanovic) and takes her home as a second wife even though she is already married and is coveted by her own stepfather.

So goes the plot in "Happy Gypsies." But along with the confused morals of these people who live on the Panonian Plain north of Belgrade, this plot itself is so difficult that one is never sure what's going on or what the story is aiming at. Furthermore, it is hard to tell if the film's ambiguities are due to writer-director Aleksandar Petrovic's lack of artistry or whether he wanted the story to be just this way to show what mixed-up people these gypsies are. The plot may go awry, but director Petrovic does succeed in giving us a feel of locale and people. Even the beautiful color photography doesn't hide the squalor of the gypsies' homes or the unconventional pattern of their lives. But who wants convention, if the gypsies are happy?

To get back to the concentration on sex, there's "The Queens," a four-part Franco-Italian picture in which Monica Vitti, Claudia Cardinale, Raquel Welch and Capucine play the title roles in four different stories. All of them are thoughtless and not worth your time unless you, like Benjamin, are interested only in sex. And even if you are, these stories make little sense; but then perhaps sense has nothing to do with sex exercises.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE MANY FACES OF BRECHT

ETC.

Bertolt Brecht and Axel Springer and the Vietnam war: This winter they all met on the collision course of Berlin politics. As if synchronized, two major Brecht celebrations got under way each side of the Wall; students in the West launched another attack on Axel Springer, the publisher who controls over 80 per cent of the West German press; and the Freedom Bell, refashioned into an American bomb, was the figurehead for a broadside calling West Berliners to a two-day protest against U.S. action in Vietnam.

That Brecht the playwright has been dead for 12 years, and Springer is more apt to appear in effigy than in the flesh, makes them no less real contestants. They symbolically clashed on the sidewalk of the Schiller Theater in West Berlin. As spectators surged to the sold-out Brecht Matinee (at 11:30 Sunday morning), hand-

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outs from the student Republican Club dubbed the performance a travesty. Hadn't the Springer-sponsored theater management withdrawn *Puntila* in 1961 in reprisal for the Wall? Now it was serving up a "domesticated" Brecht stripped of his revolutionary message.

Inside, the audience also found the program tame, but for a different reason. Max Frisch, the Swiss playwright and chief boxoffice draw of the event, made no new revelations about his friendship with Brecht in the turbulent '50s. What Brecht felt about the 1953 Uprising or the Ulbricht regime must remain tantalizingly unclear unless the contents of his archives in the East are released in full.

Far from Mitteleuropa, an Oxford University production of Gunter Grass's "The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising" filled this vacuum of doubt and caused immediate ripples of interest in West Berlin. The Boss, a thinly disguised Brecht, is rehearsing his Marxist "Coriolanus" when the June 17 revolt breaks out. In a shrewd display of alienation, he distances himself from the workers' appeals and treats these sans-culottes like walk-ons for the Roman crowd scenes. West Berlin's *Tagesspiegel* praised the performance for its pioneer spirit but missed Brecht's irony and authority.

"Above all," said its correspondent Julian Exner, "English students are even less able than Grass to convey that behind the scenes there are people indignantly rattling their chains."

This copy of *Der Tagesspiegel* was routinely confiscated, like all West German newspapers, as I entered East Berlin in mid-February for the sessions on "politics and the theater," a week-long conclave honoring Brecht's seventieth birthday. It made for wry reflections when Professor Ernst Schumacher, chairing a meeting of critics, urged them to read the current *Die Zeit,* West Germany's leading intellectual weekly; but it also helped to define the guests, an elite of Brecht specialists from 40 countries, to whom such restrictions would obviously not apply.

Dogma aside, what made this conference different from similar observances in Frankfurt, Augsburg (Brecht's birthplace) and West Berlin was the glowing presence of the Berliner Ensemble. Possibly only Georgio Strehler's Piccolo Teatro of Milan matches this company in its mastery of gesture. Unforgettable details: the scene with the printing press in "The Mother," in which suspense returns each time the platen strikes and Helene Weigel—oh so carefully—picks up the still-wet revolutionary broadside. Galy Gay's "funeral" in "Man Is Man," with Hilmar Thate stevedoring his own coffin into a trap below the stage; or the rhythm of the troops, as they load their machine guns, pause for raucous song, then reload for the kill. The truth is concrete, Brecht said. Being a poet, he could compress it to its most economic.

At intermission I remembered Vietnam, if only because the program-stuffers outlined the goals of the NLF and blood donors were signing up in the lobby. What might Brecht have written, who borrowed so freely from the Oriental theater and its actors?

There is a fascinating hint in "The Measures Taken," the didactic play he produced in 1931 after the first setbacks to Chinese communism. (It appears in Eric Bentley's translation in the Anchor edition of *The Modern Theatre, Vol. 6.*) Four agitators, sent from Moscow to start a revolution among the coolies, are joined by an impassioned young Comrade. Their faces masked and "blotted out," they mingle with the exploited proletariat and begin to propagandize. But the young Comrade commits several mistakes, each enacted before a "Controlchorus" of party judges:

Out of compassion for the coolies he exposes himself to their overseer. Trying to save textile workers from police brutality, he compromises their strike. Sent to win bourgeois support, he quarrels with his businessman ally. And when unrest grows among the unemployed he leads a premature and hopeless revolution. His impulsive humanism, in short, has endangered the Communist cause, so the agitators decide—with his compliance—that he must totally disappear. They shoot him and bury him in a lime pit.

In the new edition of Brecht's collected works published by Suhrkamp (Frankfurt) there is a significant deletion, according to *Die Zeit.* Traces of the playwright's sympathy with the young Comrade have been removed, along with the telling metamorphosis that overtook him: "The face that emerged beneath the mask," the agitators announce, "was different from that we had covered, the face which the lime will blur, distinct from that which greeted us at the border."

Written in Brecht's austerest style, it is, as Martin Esslin says, an authentic Communist tragedy. Yet the fire it drew from Left and Right alike finally led Brecht to forbid its performance, a prohibition still in force.

Nothing so controversial stirred the East Berlin conference, although Manfred Wekwerth, a director of the Ensemble, and Professor Werner Mittenzwei delivered sharp ripostes to Max Frisch (*in absentia*) for his remark that Brecht had attained "the total inefficacy of a classic." Not so; the *embourgeoisement* of Brecht, which some participants feared, removed none of his sting.

"An attack whose art and perfection must be admired by the victim gains in power and effectiveness," according to Wekwerth. Brecht's reputation as a classic has forced Franco and the South African government to lift the ban on his work—"with gnashing teeth."

Helmut Baierl, the East German playwright and Brechtian disciple, was preoccupied with Peter Weiss' documentary theater. Wasn't there a danger in using documents, as in "The Investigation," of losing the plot—and thereby all chance to comment? Weiss reminded him that toward the end of his life Brecht was searching for a way to present today's social forces.

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"I believe the main importance of a play no longer belongs to individual characters but rather to dramatic situations." In short, the historic process must take the place of plot.

Artaud and "body theater," Beckett, Ionesco and, ironically, most Western exponents of Brecht were condemned or implicitly rejected. Beckett because he shows an alienated figure, stripped of his political trappings, whose condition the spectator might accept as Fate. Artaud because his violence leads people either to abandon militancy or to accept horror callously.

For some of the East European delegates this was doctrinaire indeed. They feared privately that such views might eventually turn the Berliner Ensemble into a formal museum like the Moscow Arts Theater. If this should happen, it would not stem from any shortage of invention or lack of dramatic resources, but because the authorities disparaged outside influences and denied the very real technological changes taking place in Eastern Europe.

Some of the speakers' quarrel with the West may merely have served the needs of dialectic. Observing the range and richness of Brecht productions throughout the whole of Germany (in the Ruhr they are doing "The Three-Penny Opera" against a Pentagon background). I am inclined to agree with *Die Zeit*'s critic: "Now we are all one big Brecht family." MARGARET REYNOLDS

two views

'THE PEASANT OF THE GARONNE'

Shooting Fish In a Barrel

KENNETH REXROTH

Seldom has a religious book received such heady advance promotion as Jacques Maritain's *The Peasant of the Garonne* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95). I have before me as I write a stack of reviews in French and English, an assortment of news stories from sundry religion reporters, not least *Time* and the N.Y. *Times*, and fliers and letters from the publishers. A PEASANT CONFOUNDS THE INTELLIGENTSIA, PHILOSOPHER UNDER FIRE, TEACHER OF THE POPE, LEADING THOMIST WRITES A SHOCKER, so go the headlines. As for some quotes, "Maritain has always been known for his liberal sympathies." "The modernist revolution that Maritain did much to inspire . . ." "Maritain's reflections have set off a bitter debate." "Maritain brought Thomism to the twentieth century." It is precisely this sort of thing that, in spite of its many faults, *The Peasant of the Garonne* is directed against—the vulgarization of the reform of the Church.

I started to read the book last year in France, but had to lay it aside during almost constant travel. My sensations at the time were not unlike those when I first tried to read Proust in French when but a lad. I thought I had forgotten my French. The uncharitable thing to say is that Maritain is uncharitable, as well as incoherent, the charitable is that he is cantankerous, cranky and rambling. The deeply buried basic thesis of the book is not logical, philosophical or religious at all, but simply a question of taste; and ultimately any thesis, superficial or basic, is lost. All is so vague, not so much too general or abstract, as amorphous, diffuse, wandering, disoriented as to time, person, place and thing.

So much French critical and philosophical writing has the character of conversations of a summer afternoon on the Café Flore terrace: very stimulating, seemingly most subtle and penetrating while they are going on; and then, as you walk home up Boulevard Raspail, everything dissipates and drifts away. What was it all about? My wife once finished a passionate polemic by Roger Caillois, put it down and said, "Who in the devil are 'ils'?" The baddies were "they" but who they were was never revealed. There's something of this in *The Peasant of the Garonne*, the non-verbal communication of French highbrow conversation, a fault Maritain in his salad days conspicuously lacked. But it is more than that. It is hard to believe that this man was trained in the rigors of formal disputation. Better far, "I accept your minor but deny your major" or "I divide the major and reverse the minor" than this formless polemic.

And who and what are its targets? Rahner? de Lubac? Congar? Schillebeeckx? Maritain goes after only one "neo-modernist" by name, Father Schoonenberg, whose attempts to rationalize or "scientifically explain" original sin make him something of a sitting duck for a sharp-witted integralist. Alas, Maritain, shooting fish in a barrel, misses. Lacking superiority, he cannot admit the problem. He is no more convincing than his opponent—not to me, and I pretty much agree with him. The same is true of any of the grave issues of doctrine and practice. Nothing is ever mentioned specifically. What is infallibility? Who, in the economy of eternity, is the Blessed

KENNETH REXROTH's *most recent book is* An Autobiographical Novel *(Doubleday).*

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Virgin? What about clerical celibacy? Birth control? "Spontaneous liturgy"? Concelebration with the laity? Matters of controversy are simply hinted at or skirted, and always from an implicitly integralist position.

Maritain seems unaware that the great unanswerable arguments are once again, as four hundred years ago, ceasing to satisfy men's minds. The questions being asked today have little to do with those answers. Who doubts that St. Thomas had a far more powerful intellect than Occam or Bishop Robinson? Maritain's statement that the present rebels are simply the modernists of the beginning of this century revived, is patently wrong. Biblical criticism has passed beyond Loisy; the philosophical insights, such as they were, of Tyrrell and von Hügel have been accepted into the contemporary universe of discourse; their emphasis on what Raissa Maritain called "the contemplation of the roads" is shared by most everyone of sensitivity now. The questions that troubled those people, and most of the answers they gave, are no longer relevant, any more than those of the thirteenth, "Greatest of Centuries." It is certainly even more irrelevant to attack opponents who are not there.

What is worse about the book is its tone. It is a wonderful example of what the followers of Pareto in their inimitable jargon like to call "the Congelation of the Aggregates." That is, in the aging of a person or a society, the old ways reassert themselves. No matter how we revolt, we tend, as revolution wears out or accomplishes its aims, to return to the unconscious behavior patterns imprinted in youth and infancy.

Maritain has by no means always been a liberal. On the contrary, he was once a militant reactionary, a journalist of the ideas of Maurras, Daudet and *L'Action Française*. When his polemic is not simply vague, it takes on the unfortunate tone of random, rhetorical abuse once fashionable in that journal of purely pragmatic acceptance of the Church as the fountainhead of discipline, order, and French chauvinism. Sometimes this can be amusing; something of the old fire of *L'Action* comes back. On the opening page Maritain manages to state with maximum provokingness his belief in the most Ultramontane theory of the role of the Papacy and in a very personal Devil, whose horns and tail practically start from the page. He invokes this smoky gentleman several times against all the bad people he doesn't like, and then he tires of him. But Satan does give a sparkle, or sparks, to the early pages.

There is no question but what thousands of people in the Church do not realize that the present revolution is not one movement but two, and those completely contradictory. One group, claiming to bring the Church to the world, would simply turn it into another mass recreation of the mass society, an Ethical Sports Club, with the bingo game in the chancel and the choir replaced by Muzak. These people have been a threat to the spiritual life of the American Church for a century, and now they have spread to all the corners of the earth where the fully developed post-capitalist society, miscalled "Americanism," has reached, or even promised to send its goodies. The other aggiornamento is the truest kind of updating, the revival of the *doing* of religion in acts of full commitment—the making accessible of the total experience of the Christ of the Gospels, as that experience was accessible before Constantine, to the Fathers and the Apostles. What this means is life centered on prayer and practice.

Maritain knows this, and his best chapters are the latter ones on contemplation, where he quotes again and again from the meditations of Raissa, that wife he loved so much that he still refers to her, quite naturally, in the present tense. Amusingly enough, he begins this section with the notion, which he calls Thomism, that the seed of contemplation is the beginning of experience. We first experience Reality in all its fullness, primarily, if minutely and subliminally—on this is reared the whole epistemological structure, from the sense data of Locke or St. Thomas to the most abstract judgments.

If this is scholastic, it is Richard of St. Victor, hardly a Thomist. Yet Maritain says, "It is impossible to be an idealist and a Christian." And again, "A Christian cannot be a relativist." Remarks like this are as vulgar as any bingo game, just as it vulgar to attack Marxism in the person of the CPF hack now assigned to the religion beat, Garaudy, or existentialism in the person of Sartre, and dodge, in one long argument *ad hominem*, all the grave issues tormenting just and wise men. If that is scholasticism, give me John Stuart Mill.

Jacques Maritain's Yes —But No!

WILLIAM CLANCY

The controversy—indeed, the scandal—that has surrounded Jacques Maritain's book, *The Peasant of the Garonne*, is not surprising: The book is an affront to the age. As he "questions himself about the present time" Maritain is impatient, caustic and angry. By almost all standards of the new orthodoxies he is fundamentalist and naive. The old philosopher, now turned peasant, sat down on the banks of the Garonne River, contemplated the Church after Vatican II, wept, and wrote his latter-day *J'Accuse*. And he hurls it like a rock, not at his ancient enemies and detractors, the still entrenched but now badly frightened Catholics of the right ("the Ruminators of the Holy Alliance," he calls them), but rather at those emerging Catholics of the left who might have fancied

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The Christian in Politics

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Senator Eugene J. McCarthy's article, "The Christian in Politics," in our October 1, 1954 issue, is one example of our continuing concern as well as a forecast of the quality of his present campaign. Here are a few key excerpts: "The Christian in politics should shun the devices of the demagogue at all times, but especially in a time when anxiety is great, when tension is high, when uncertainty prevails, and emotion tends to be in the ascendancy. . . . The Christian in politics should speak the truth . . . He should not return calumny and slander in the same token, but combat them with truth and honesty, risking defeat for the sake of truth . . ."

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themselves the children and grandchildren of his own life's work. These are the "Sheep of Panurge" who, Maritain fears, are preparing, in the name of "relevance," to deliver the Church, the gospel, and man himself into the darknes of positivism's cold and endless night.

The irony in this situation is as apparent as the pathos. *The Peasant of the Garonne* has been seized and hoisted as a standard by men who have hated all that Maritain stood for, and it has shocked and repelled others who learned their first lessons in liberal Catholicism from him. Because Jacques Maritain, more than any other twentieth-century Catholic thinker, has been an exemplar: he *was* the aggiornamento for a long generation of Catholics born in this century and come to awareness before the word "renewal" was ever heard. In those desert years of Catholic intellectual life—from the fearful silence which followed the condemnation of modernism in the early 1900's to the slow and painful reawakenings in the '40s and '50s—Maritain was a kind of Baptist figure, a symbol and promise of freedom, intelligence, relevance, hope.

And now, in his eighties, Maritain has written this book. For many who have loved him it is as though Newman, in his eighties, had published the *Syllabus of Errors*. But whatever may be one's pain and indignation over the style or particular judgments in this "final" work, it cannot be said that the substance of it is a departure from all that Maritain has written over the years.

In *The Peasant*, for example, Maritain constantly recalls his wife Raissa—the Raissa who told us in *Adventures in Grace* that after she and Jacques joined the Church in 1906 they decided they must learn "to live in the world without yet conforming to the world—on account of the Gospel, which we wished to follow." And the first lessons they learned from their spiritual director, Père Clérissac, were: "God is truth. Go to Him and love Him under this aspect"; and "Embrace the Church for eternal and divine reasons and not because she is a cause defensible before reason and history." These, their first decision and first lessons in Christian wisdom, were never forgotten. They inform all of Maritain's work, and they provide the three major themes of *The Peasant of the Garonne*. In chapters one through three, Maritain tells us again that Christians must live in the world but not be *of* the world; in chapters five and six, he insists again that human reason need not be a stranger to truth and can, indeed, come to some knowledge even of that Truth which is God; and in the final chapter, seven, he contemplates once more the Church as the eternal and divine scandal—the stumbling block—which can be grasped and gratefully received only through faith and prayer.

All of this, as I said, is the old Maritain, telling us for the "last" time the things we once knew so well: they were, after all, the maxims of our liberal Catholic youth. The old philosopher will not permit us to forget them now, in our new sophistication. He forces us to consider them again.

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The trouble is: who wishes to hear these things *now*? And how is one even to see them through the fire and smoke of Maritain's anger? Perhaps the philosopher should not have turned peasant. A peasant, Maritain tells us, is a man who puts his foot in his mouth and calls a spade a spade. Webster's dictionary tells us that to be peasant-like is to be clownish and rude. There is, alas, too much of these things here. The book is marred—poisoned, we must almost say—by its bitterness, and, worse, by its fundamentalism. We can forgive Maritain's being angry. It is less easy to forgive his being *simpliste*. In the endless parentheses throughout the book Maritain, the peasant, pours his scorn on unidentified betrayers of the Faith. These include, it seems, practically all biblical scholars, (the demythologizers) all modern philosophers except, perhaps, Bergson (ideosophers he calls them), most contemporary theologians (victims of the demythologizers), the new liturgists (vulgar communitarians all) —as well as priests "who boast of no longer genuflecting before the tabernacle."

Philosophers distinguish; peasants notoriously do not. In its general tone and over-all effect—its peasant parts —this book was made to be a bible for the neo-integristes, who simply dismiss the whole modern exegetic and dogmatic effort as modernism or worse. It is *La Trahison des Clercs* all over again, and the betrayers this time are those professors of relevance—the intellectuals of the Catholic left—who, Maritain thinks, are leading us into *immanent* apostacy. His answer to them would seem to be a retreat to doctrinal maximalism and an exaltation of the papal teaching office that skirts dangerously close to ecclesiolatry.

It is said that the great nineteenth century Catholic ultramontane, William George Ward, would have liked nothing more than to have received each morning at breakfast, along with his *Times*, an infallible definition from Rome. Maritain's uncritical quoting of random papal pronouncements—treating them as though they were unconditioned by their times and incapable of new understanding or development by our own—seems equally blind to any workings of either history *or* the Spirit in the Church. And though he abhors integral Catholicism, it is into that dreary and hopeless camp that the peasant parts (the "foot in the mouth" and "calling a spade a spade" parts) of his book lead us.

All this must be said. But it must also be said, and more strongly, that the debt we owe Jacques Maritain—we Catholics who were born between 1900 and 1940 —is one that can be neither measured nor ever paid. Beyond the bitterness, the simplism and the anger of this book, behind the often rude and sometimes clownish peasant, the philosopher still speaks with seriousness, urgency and love. We must listen to what he says. The substance of it is contained in the three major themes I mentioned before. They are themes of a classical liberal Catholicism, and they do not deserve, perhaps, to be dismissed or forgotten quite so easily or contemptuously as the Robespierres of the Church's renewal dismiss or forget them today.

To summarize them once more: (1) We live in two orders, we Christians, and our vocation is to witness to the values of each without betraying the autonomy of either. Our vocation, further, is to bring them together without, in the process, confusing them. (2) There is no absolute, unbridgeable gulf between man and what really is: unlikely as it may be at any historical moment or for any particular person, it is possible for man to know truth with certitude—in the natural order through philosophy and in the supernatural order through the assent of faith. (3) In the midst of time—and at its very center—the Church is set down as a mystery and a given. It is witness to the intersection between eternity and time, the community of those who live in hope of a reality beyond history and tragedy, a reality which even now they glimpse in the Church's presence.

These, as I say, have been major themes of liberal Catholicism, as they were developed in the works of its nineteenth- and twentieth-century prophets, from Lacordaire, Acton and Newman to von Hügel and Jacques Maritain. Liberal Catholicism stood and fought for a concept of religion and secular culture, of Church and State, which was (to use Tillich's language) theonomous. It stood against both the heteronomy of integral Catholicism, which hates the secular and seeks to dominate and even destroy it in the name of religion, and the autonomy of secularism, which, by denying transcendence, locks man in the prison of himself and his own creations. Theonomy, Tillich said in *The Protestant Era*, seeks to make the eternal shine forth in secular forms: it serves each without subjugating either. And such was the liberal Catholic enterprise.

It was essentially a bridge-building enterprise between the sacred and the secular. It was hazardous and it had its casualties. But, those who believed in its necessity would say it recognized the duality of man's vocation and opposed the idolatries threatening him on the right and on the left. Liberal Catholicism refused to confuse the Word of God and the word of man, and it would absolutize neither the Church nor the world. To all who said, "They are one," it replied, "They are two."

Maritain seems devoted to a pendulum theory of history. He thinks that present attempts to secularize religion are a reaction to the contempt-of-the-world, or heteronomous, attitudes that prevailed among Catholics well into this century. He begins his book by giving thanks for the openings toward the world made by Vatican II; before two pages have passed, however, he protests the pendulum's swing in the opposite direction, toward autonomy thinly veiled as religion. He is as concerned in this book as he ever was for freedom, justice and charity, and as insistent as he ever was on the Christian's temporal vocation to work and, if needs be, to die, for these

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things. But he writes that though the Church must "strive with all her heart to help the world advance in the line of its earthly progress . . . she is not in the service of the world"; he still insists that in an age when man kneels before his own creations and aspirations, it is more necessary than ever to say "that the celebration of the Mass is the most exalted act that can take place on earth."

And so, *The Peasant of the Garonne* is, in its deepest substance, a passionate protest against monism, old or new. It says Yes to the reform of the Church, but No to the secularization of religion—in the name of efficacy, relevance, or any demands of the age. Maritain knows that the man who, like Schweitzer's liberal critic, looks into the well of the gospel and at its bottom sees reflected only his own face, will walk away a disillusioned man. Autonomy—with its inevitable disillusion and metaphysical disappointment—may be the end to which modern man is destined by the deities he has created; but, Maritain insists, the God who spoke in Jesus Christ revealed quite other things.

What He revealed would not, in any case be worth listening to were it something man could discover by himself. A religion which speaks only the word of man is no religion at all. If "the celebration of life" is the Church's chief function, then it were best the Church should quickly disappear. Other agencies, other voices, could do this job much better. Religion, even at its most secular, would be a distraction from our real concerns.

But Maritain calls us back to another Word, one we by ourselves could not utter. "We must at all costs," he writes, "know a little what it means to look at divine things with the eyes of a child, and in what school this is taught—and that God alone can teach us this." No matter his anger or the rudeness of his peasant's pose. Our debt to Maritain the man of faith and of wisdom is not lessened by this book.

BOOKS

Che Guevara—the loss looms larger

Reminiscences of the Cuban Revolutionary War

CHE GUEVARA

MR Press, $6.95

EMILE CAPOUYA

Mr. James Reston has recorded his impressions of a recent visit to Cuba, and it appears that although he kept his guard up as a prudent journalist should, he was a little disarmed by the spectacle of a small nation gallantly and gaily coping with the essential problem of small nations—how to keep your self-respect and still eat. One thing, though, struck him as a very jarring note in the general symphony of a country making its way through life without the help of the United States. He found that the Cubans were concerned about the dangers of invasion. They imagined that the United States, the very country they were getting along without, might invade their island. Mr. Reston found their repeated expressions of alarm quite paranoid, and he attributed the disease to hysterical official propaganda.

Let us rub our eyes. We have been dreaming again. Dreaming that Cuba was not invaded seven years ago by a force armed, trained, and financed by the United States; that President Kennedy was not severely criticized at home for failing to provide air cover for the invaders; that he had not pledged himself, while a candidate for office, to subdue the Cubans by force if necessary; that Richard Nixon, also a candidate, had not simulated shock and horror at Kennedy's declaration even though, as Vice President, he had already participated in formulating the secret plan for the invasion. We have been dreaming of American benevolence, as usual, and no demonstration of presidential ruthlessness in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, or Vietnam can affect the pastoral innocence of that dream. James Reston, without question one of our most intelligent, best informed, most responsible journalists, is talking in his sleep—to a nation of dreamers.

But in order to arrive at a true estimate of men like Ernesto Guevara and his fellow-revolutionary, Fidel Castro, we should first of all have to wake up to the world in which we are living. In that world, there are two hundred million Latin Americans, most of whom are very hungry, and their hunger is a necessary feature of the political and economic arrangements that make us North Americans rich. They are ruled for the most part by armed degenerates whose brutality bears an exact proportion to the misery over which they preside, and the degenerates in question are subsidized out of the American treasury. In that waking world of hunger and hopelessness, Guevara and Castro took up the cause of the dispossessed. Most unfortunately—by our own standards of social decency, by our own ideals of freedom and personal dignity, by our own humane professions—they are in the right and we are in the wrong. That is what all the shooting is about.

Ernesto Guevara was, next to Fidel Castro, the most influential spirit and the best mind of the Cuban Revolution—both in its military phase and, after the overthrow of Batista, in the phase of intensive social reconstruction that still goes on and has earned James Reston's guarded approval. Guevara's classic work is *Guerrilla Warfare*. Two

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translations have been published in this country, both of them technically and stylistically faulty. Guevara was, among other things, a first-rate writer, and no available translation of any of his works does him justice. Readers must be warned, accordingly, that the spirit of the man and sometimes the point and bearing of his ideas are misrepresented in English.

Guerrilla Warfare is more than a treatise of irregular military operations. It is a manual of political struggle in regions ruled as Latin America is ruled. For Guevara, guerrilla warfare is important because it is the most appropriate political instrument—and also the most effective instrument of political education—in countries like pre-revolutionary Cuba, where three general conditions exist: poverty, a predominantly rural economy, and no legal means of reform and redress. That insight, incidentally, is at the heart of Régis Debray's brilliant essay, *Revolution in the Revolution?*, published here in Bobbye Ortiz' excellent English version. For understandable reasons, neither the conservatives nor the adherents of the traditional leftist sects and parties in North and South America are willing to accept the thesis.

Reminiscences of the Cuban Revolutionary War is Guevara's unadorned memoirs of his own service in that struggle. They suffer somewhat from having been set down as occasion offered, and because the author confined himself strictly to what he himself had done or observed. Guevara hoped that other participants in the revolution would write their own accounts in the same sober spirit, and produce collectively an accurate report of that turning-point in the history of the Western Hemisphere. The most interesting sections of the present book are concerned with the hand-to-mouth stage of the revolution, when, after the rout of the *Granma* expedition, the 12 survivors, including Guevara, Fidel Castro, and Camilo Cienfuegos, were fugitives rather than soldiers. Semi-starved, often bivouacking without shelter, for a long time, their object was mere survival and their immediate enemies were the climate and the terrain. Whether we are concerned with political and military history or with the history of particular souls, the transition from the stage of survivors in flight to the phase of effectual rebellion is of the highest interest. Despite the circumstantial character of Guevara's narrative, unfortunately, that transition accomplishes itself offstage, for there is a hiatus in the account precisely at the point where the material and moral current must have shifted to permit the first forays upon Batista's troops.

What does emerge clearly enough is Guevara's personal development in the course of the fighting. When it began, he was an enthusiast for revolution and the next thing to an invalid (he suffered all his life from incapacitating attacks of asthma), and, for all his spirit, hardly a likely soldier, one would think. But he fought along on sheer nerve, bearing severe physical hardship with his comrades, and showing reserves of will that marked him as a natural leader in difficult undertakings. Fidel Castro says of him that his failing as a soldier was excessive disregard of danger, and coming from that authority the judgment is one we had better accept. Yet there is no doubt that Guevara was one of the master tacticians of recent military history.

In that respect, *Guerrilla Warfare* is his witness; it is the only significant work on the subject written in the West —for the good reason that no other writers have had clear strategic notions in the light of which their tactics might be developed. The strategic aims of Western commentators tend to be, as it were, subconscious, and in any case unavowable. But in Guevara's writings, strategy is always conceived in terms of political evolution, and is necessarily more ample, more adequate in terms of reality, than the abstract geo-politics plus games theory that passes for military thought in other places.

For an example of his astuteness as a political analyst, the reader is referred to the epilogue to *Guerrilla Warfare*, in which, writing in 1959, he predicts the manner and means of the invasion of Cuba that was to take place in 1961. Another classic of analysis and polemic is his speech at the Punta del Este conference (reproduced in *Che Guevara Speaks*, Merit Publishers), called for the purpose of quarantining Cuba and containing the Latin-American revolution by means of the Alliance for Progress. Guevara's exposition of the program's defects, had they been heeded, might have saved Mr. Moscoso from resigning his directorship in despair when time had made clear to everyone what was clear only to the Cuban delegation at Punta del Este.

The present volume ends with 26 remarkable letters written by Guevara, for the most part while he was serving as a bureaucrat of the revolution after the seizure of power. I think it impossible to read those letters—direct, unassuming, austere—and not know that one is in the presence of a rare being, a man of principle, deserving of Castro's eulogy: "Immensely humane, immensely sensitive."

Ernesto Guevara was wounded in the Bolivian mountains, captured, and apparently shot after capture. Then his body was exhibited to photographers by relieved officials. From his point of view, fair enough—he had sought out just such a fate. But our perspective must be different. He was a very great man. He died at 30. In terms of the political evolution of Latin America in this century, the loss cannot be made up.

The Missolonghi Manuscript

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

Farrar, Straus, $5.95

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

Mr. Prokosch's first novel, *The Asiatics,* was published in 1935. It was a romantic story of faraway places and it was a great popular and critical success in Depression America, as was also his second novel, *The Seven Who Fled,* another story of adventure in mysterious lands. Prokosch gathered rather more than his share of impressive dust-jacket quotes from figures as august as Yeats and Thomas Mann. He published several volumes of poetry which came

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in for similar praise. Young Dylan Thomas was to acknowledge his influence. Prokosch's novels were widely translated and he became a literary figure of international stature, being especially admired in France and Germany. He was young and famous—and handsome—and the world was his home.

And then it all gradually slipped away. He continued to publish novels. The current one is his fifteenth and his twenty-second book. But by the end of World War II the public was looking for a new crop of involved writers and Prokosch's romantic note was *passé*. He attempted, in more than one book, a more "realistic" approach to his material but these efforts were not entirely successful and he has always returned, with better luck, to a world of romance and adventure and mystery and a touch of the supernatural.

The Missolonghi Manuscript affords Prokosch an opportunity to work within his natural bent but with the helpful form and restraint of fictionalized biography. The novel purports to be the last notebooks of Byron, written as he approaches his end as a dilettante revolutionary in Greece. Life, to be sure, provides incidents rather than plots but Byron's vivid, peripatetic existence is a natural for Prokosch's talents and Byron's melancholy summing-up provides us with an emotional unity if not a factual truth about the poet's life. There is the difficulty of putting words into the mouths of great writers that will do at least fictional justice to their real talents, but, while Prokosch's "poetic" style is hardly what we could expect of Byron, it is not implausible.

It is, however, still a little difficult to believe that we are listening to the real Byron talk. The attempts at verisimilitude are superficial so far as any psychological probabilities are concerned. For one thing, the fictional Byron's death-bed "frankness" about his sexual adventures would, I suspect, shock the original Byron considerably—though the novel is not notably shocking in contemporary terms. It has, in fact, the note one so often encounters in current novels of working very hard at being outrageous without quite making the grade. The whole "frankness" situation must be quite enraging to the novelist now in his 60s, say, who wanted to be naughty 30 years ago but did not dare and who is now forced into a slightly embarrassed exploitation of the new freedom. It seems to me that some of the innuendoes in the novels of Prokosch's early years were considerably more ear-reddening than the current bluntness, but then of course my ears don't redden as easily now.

It may well be that Byron's life was even more irregular than is popularly supposed. Indeed, the putative incest in his career is sloughed over rather quickly in order to afford him time for a shot at everything this side of necrophilia. I only found it difficult to believe that the real Lord Byron could have been so obsessed with the excremental functions, however "natural" he may have regarded them.

But these are not major cavils. More seriously, if we are to judge the book with any stringency as a biography, *The Missolonghi Manuscript* is flawed by Mr. Prokosch's reading himself into Byron's emotional and intellectual life. Some external parallels do suggest themselves. Byron, as Prokosch, came to early fame and material success only to watch it drain away with the years. Criticism and neglect followed the early acclaim. Like Byron, Prokosch has been a wanderer in the earth, the embodiment of his own picaresque heroes, an "internationalist" before his time.

As to whether at 36 Byron looked back upon his life with quite this melancholy languishing, that is quite another matter. Of course the figure we have before us in the novel may not be Prokosch any more than it is Byron. It may well be the same sad and handsome young man who wandered through the pages of *The Asiatics,* the young man whose pleasures were the poetry and mystery of existence and whose melancholy and wonder were a response not to any actual circumstances of his own existence or specific concern with the problems of Greece, say, or Vietnam, but a generalized, almost glandular, response to life itself. But to life in faraway corners of the world, where vio-

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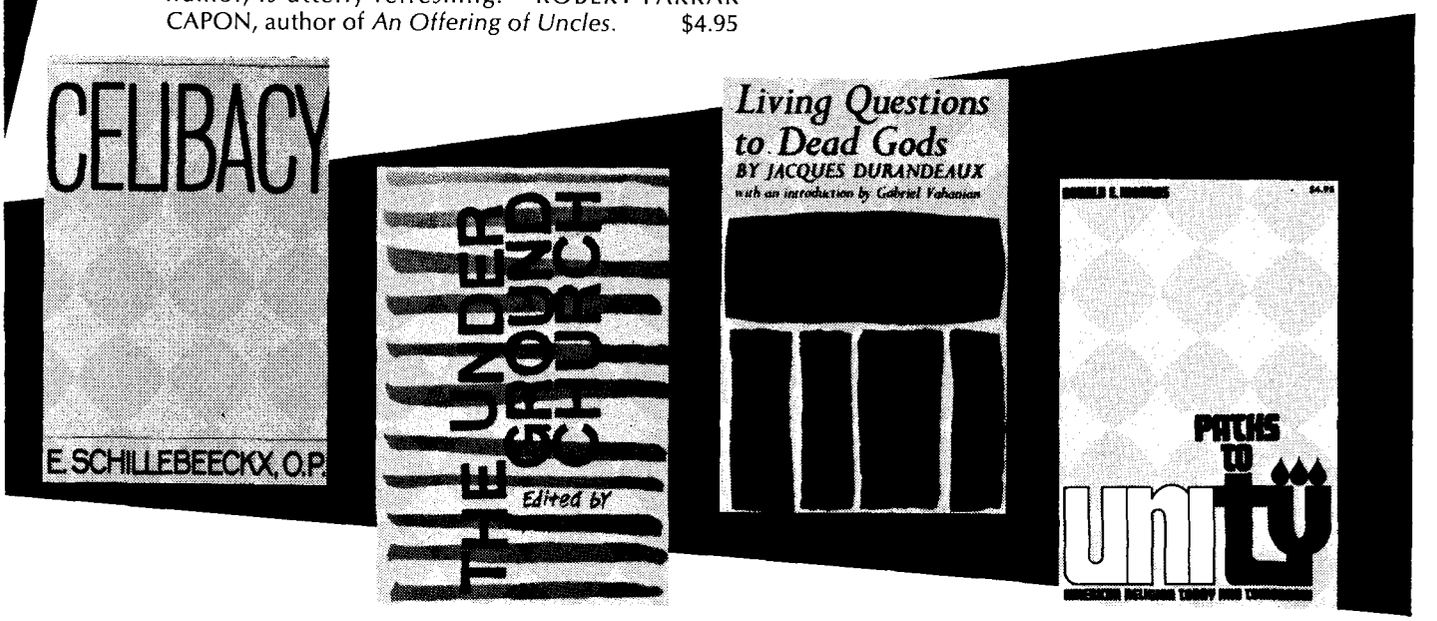

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lence can explode as in real life, and the grit of life is as abrasive—but always with an ambience of the "poetic." It is life in soft focus, the camera angles are artful and the technicolor is always tasteful.

Prokosch is reported, curiously, as feeling an affinity with Nabokov, and the suggestion is instructive. They are both "realistic" within a poetic context. In many ways Nabokov is far less a realist than Prokosch but Nabokov's realism attains a magic quality which prokosch aims at in his way but does not achieve because of some technical inadequacy or failure of larger artistic vision—or both. Nabokov's Lolita becomes a real person but Prokosch's Lord Byron becomes a fictional one.

Frederic Prokosch's career has already been long and honorable. Let us hope he will write another 15 novels. *The Asiatics* is still read avidly while most of its contemporaries are museum pieces, if they have achieved that much. *The Missolonghi Manuscript* provides a similar pleasure. Somewhere, after all, a young man will always walk to the crest of a hill and look out at a strange landscape full of adventure and the delicious sorrows of youth. At dusk as he approaches some "rose-red city half as old as time," the women will be calling to their children from shadowy doorways. We all of us sometimes want to read about this young man, not even necessarily to find out what happens next, but just to be there. And if he is not quite real, none the worse. We all want to be that too sometimes.

Private Screenings

JOHN SIMON

Macmillan, $6.95

HARRIS GREEN

This collection of John Simon's film criticism (drawn mostly from *The New Leader*) is just about the purest critical writing that one could want. And what, at the moment, is rarer than *pure* film criticism? The slicker mags are all too often content to cram their film columns with hot, cross puns and consumer reports ("well worth your looking into"). Film quarterlies and coterie house organs lavish on gamy old Hollywood trash or amateur excreta a tortuous analysis that, in density and irrelevance, vies with medieval scholasticism. The newspapers assign just any obituary writer or sob-sister to the movie beat.

Simon towers in such company, but then he has a tendency to loom large and high among any group. He has a solid grounding in scholarship, a soaring idealism, a bracing humanism, and a wit that is bright, thrusting, and pointed. Naturally, he cannot help looking down on most things he sees, but at least his critical vision is unclouded. His politics did not prevent his seeing—and protesting—a leftward slanting of facts in *To Die in Madrid*. His masterfully sustained loathing of Jean-Luc Godard, the Andy Warhol of the heterosexuals, whom he dismembers in a chapter that is a passionate plea for clarity and order and beauty and feeling (all the niceties that anyone hailed as "artist" was once obliged to supply), did not prevent his spotting virtues in Godard's *The Married Woman*.

Above all, Simon is content to be a critic. He never gives one the queasy feeling, that is becoming increasingly common in criticism these days, of being in the hands of one who is not so much evaluating the thing before him as predicting the future of art. (This practice might just as well be called "Pimping for Progress" when the thing that's praised with hope still cannot be viewed with pleasure.) No, Simon is content to be a critic, which means he—to use his own terms—combines the skills of the teacher, the artist and the thinker: "Good criticism informs, interprets, and raises the ultimate questions, the unanswerable ones that everyone must try to answer none the less."

Private Screenings raises infinitely more answers than it does questions. Some can be disturbingly provocative: "D. W. Griffith . . . is the epitome of the nonartist, no matter how much he may have contributed to the *technique* of the film. I would say that Griffith is to the art of cinema what Achilles Tatius was to the art of the novel." If anything, a remark like that will increase the pleasure I will get from my next viewing of *Intolerance*, since I will be able to concentrate on the technique instead of concocting fervent excuses for my inability to take seriously heroines named Brown Eyes and The Little Dear One.

Some Simon answers can provoke other answers. I never fully appreciated Fellini's *8½* until I started wrestling with Simon's now infamous hatchet job ("two or three good scenes"). This was all the more jolting for coming from a critic who usually managed to give one the very feel and shape of any film he was criticizing as he went along. (Agee, for instance, cannot often be followed by a reader who hasn't seen some of the movies he discussed.) Frankly, I cannot recognize *8½* in this lament: "Now the sad truth is that [Fellini] could not be more unsuited to this kind of art"—that is, "symbolism, metaphysics, solid intellectual content." But what about "realism"? For all its headlong plunging into fantasy, the film faithfully detained the filmmaker's milieu; even the dreams looked like dreams and those fantasies were nothing if not the real Fellini.

There are not many examples where the keenness of Simon's polemical tools leads him to amputate instead of operate, but there are several when the sharpness of his wit can make a reader whimper for mercy: "The time [of *The Fascist*] is the last gasp of the Duce's era, with the Germans being booted out of the boot of Italy, and tempers, spirits, and discipline cracking amid the bootlessness of it all." Surely, any writer witty enough to describe Sean Connery in *Thunderball* as "a veritable Superfish, perfectly in keeping with the superficiality of it all," should have had the strength to resist that remorseless pun ("oh, pooh") with which Simon—quite rightly—dismisses Satjayit Ray's Apu trilogy. If he can be said to have a fatal flaw (perhaps "quirk" is better), it would probably be music. Simon fearlessly admits he is "not a Mozart man"! This lack doesn't crop up often, but his praising the score of *The Collector*, by Maurice Jarre, was as annoying as that intrusive, seething product. (However

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did he pass up the chance to damn it as "Jarre-ing"?)

Much more often than not, Simon strengthens our standards by example and by persuasion. He can enjoy a good, solid, little film (like *The Fascist*) but he is not content with mere pleasure: "Art is that which gets better with re-experiencing; nonart is what can be fully relished only once. It would be foolish to argue that there is no room for the perishable pleasure, the impermanent work. It would be slipshod not to evaluate it, too, according to its greater or lesser interest. But it would be wrong to make too much of it; it would be wrong to call it art."

John Simon, obviously, is not a film critic who is mired in a swamp called "fun" or teetering on the edge of an abyss called "progress" or lost in a fog called "nostalgia" (where all the good old movies one enjoyed over a soda still look as keen as ever). When he summons a reader to higher ground, he is issuing an invitation to join him up where the air as well as the criticism is pure.

Letters to Two Friends: 1926-1952

PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

New American Library, $6.95

The Life of Teilhard de Chardin

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

Harper and Row, $8.50

ROBERT T. FRANCOEUR

Anyone seriously interested in books by and about Teilhard de Chardin already has a well-marked copy of Claude Cuenot's magisterial biography. It is hard to imagine any new attempt in this direction matching or even coming close to that encyclopedic compilation of data and thought. Robert Speaight, however, has done just this.

His approach is quite different from Cuenot's. Speaight is an accomplished biographer and handles the English language with ease and polish; so his biography is, to begin with, far more readable than Cuenot's. At the same time

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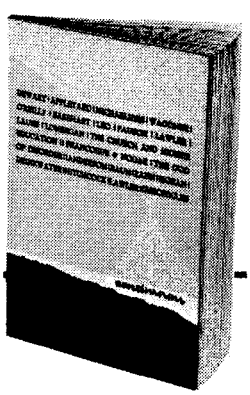

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Editors include: Justus George Lawler, Gregory Baum, Daniel Berrigan, Sister Corita, Leslie Dewart, Gabriel Moran, Rosemary Ruether, George Tavard, and others.

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his attention to detail has a different emphasis. Cuenot concentrates on itemizing people, places and dates, and linking them together by vital distillations from Teilhard's own writings. Speaight focuses more on the intangible milieu surrounding Teilhard. One almost comes to feel the patrician air of a French nobleman soldier, a royalist son of Holy Mother Church, an indefinable spirit that helps us understand why the geologist of the Gobi desert never questioned the absurdities of "taking his bath in a robe of blue serge and removing it under a linen tent" while in the novitiate.

Likewise, the modernist setting of anti-clerical France, Merry del Val, and Monsignor Begnini's Gestapo, which Speaight softly highlights, gives us real insight into Teilhard's unquestioning response to Pius X's condemnation of the Sillon, a Christian Democratic movement. "It will trouble a great many people, and many others, no doubt, will see in it a condemnation of social works. All the same it seems to me that Pius X could hardly have acted otherwise, or spoken better." As Speaight suggests, "Teilhard himself had not (in 1910) reached the stage of interior liberty when he would question, even privately, the wisdom of pontifical decisions."

In this new biography, we find the evolution of a man who by temperament and milieu would never have thought of rebelling, becoming the most loyal rebel of the modern Church. We see not only the background of his evolutionary cosmology, or cosmogenesis, his mystical vision of the universe transubstantiated into the Eucharistic Body of the Sacred Heart, his prophetic though sketchy interpretation of original sin (and the fascinating account of his troubles with Rome on this question—details unmentioned by Cuenot) and his seminal attempts to resolve the dualism of matter and spirit. We also find ourselves appreciating, almost vicariously, the imprisoning mental environment from which Teilhard extracted his crucial, if partial, insights into the nature and role of women, human sexuality and chastity.

Countless people today view Teilhard as some sort of champion, challenge and model. In an age when many Christians and more Roman Catholics are openly rebelling from the institutional Church or loyally disobeying within the ranks, it is helpful to go back a few years and live with a man who knew from personal experience what he called the "schism in charity," the sad but, one hopes, creative rebellion of men who seek in the "secular" world a "reality more pure, more human, more elevated —an 'Anti-Christ' because it is (technically outside the Church) whom they can passionately love." While not replacing in any way Cuenot's portrait of Teilhard, Speaight's biography deserves a place alongside it. It captures certain key features of Teilhard in a way unapproached by any other book or article.

In an Afterword to *Letters to Two Friends*, the eminent geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky points out that "Teilhard was anything but a rebel by temperament, and he became one in spite of himself. Nonconformists, rebels, and heretics have a powerful romantic appeal to many people. Among artists, and even among scientists, there exist not a few personages who value 'originality' so much they would rather be wrong than 'orthodox.' Rebellions, in science at least, are meaningful, however, only if they lead to some kind of new orthodoxies, which provoke a new generation of rebels."

Dobzhansky's remarks form a fitting postscript to this important collection of 170 letters, which combine to form a personal journal, month by month, from 1926 to 1952. They are addressed to two friends, from all indications, both women, and constitute an invaluable window on Teilhard's mind and heart. Here he is not so much the Roman Catholic theologian or the scientist as the true humanist chatting with friends, strangers to his own institutional bonds. We find many fascinating perspectives on Teilhard's life, his disagreements with superiors and the support he found from fellow Jesuits, his unfruitful efforts to publish the *Phenomenon* and *Divine Milieu*, his scientific work and travels. But most of all we see Teilhard as a human devoted to the building of this earth.

Regrettably this very important collection, like all his other works thus far published, is crippled by repeated deletions of names and whole paragraphs. How serious this crippling is we do not know. Its arbitrariness and extent are a matter of concern for anyone interested in a serious study of Teilhard and his thought.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 91)

administration of justice." Why doesn't Rome forget nuns' hemlines in California and concentrate on disobedient bishops whose inaction—as Father Heston seems to agree—is not in keeping with the holiness of the Church?

I am aghast at the incidental information in Father Heston's letter that Canon 1997 (immediate suspension of the petitioner) is applied when a bishop decides to process a petition. It seems quite clear that this canon is intended only for the case when one claims not to be bound by the obligations. To apply it when one

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asks to be relieved of obligations which he admits bind him is part of the harassment of a system which automatically attributes weakness, dereliction and unworthiness to every applicant. While this un-Christlike attitude persists among those who administer the law, I see no hope of prompt and equal justice, no matter how admirable the objective procedures.

One small point. Father Heston is correct in saying that Pope Paul created the Special Commission. I think he will agree with me, however, that the policy was fixed and the machinery set in motion by Pope John. This does not detract from the credit due Pope Paul for resisting the pressures to countermand his predecessor's "outrageous" departure from tradition. But for the historical record, I think Pope John should be credited with the initiative which was his.

GARY MAC EOIN

Brighton, Mass.

To the Editors: Peter Declan's description of the processes of laicization (Dec. 8) was alarming. Father Heston's defense (March 22) was cause for despair.

The problem is the inability of the curial mind to see that a man can, without moral stigma, make a mature, Christian judgment to cease priestly function and to free himself from its quasi-voluntary conditions. The casual assumption that any commission—provided only it be international and pastoral enough—can condescendingly and unquestionably decide matters one would have thought to be between God and the individual is mind-boggling; unfortunately for the sterile holiness of Father Heston's Church, it is also soul-chilling. Father Heston, and one fears the commission, probably never will understand this.

The action of the Congregation for Religious in the case of the California I.H.M.'s defies comment. A. PAUL GORE

Normandy, Mo.

To the Editors: It is indeed good news to hear that there is a commission working on dispensations for priests, but somewhat depressing to get the impression from Father Heston that it is operating out of a legalistic, pre-Vatican II mentality. One of the more disturbing statements was the one claiming that the dispensation is a last resort. If a man's thinking has evolved from a dualistic view of life to a more incarnational and personalistic view, it seems that being laicized for marriage could be an obligation of conscience. Why then a last resort? Does the commission operate with an appreciation of theology of charism? Is every case considered the choice of a lesser good? The article seems to imply the wrong answers to these questions and indicates that the whole operation is out of date. Even if a man could reach Rome

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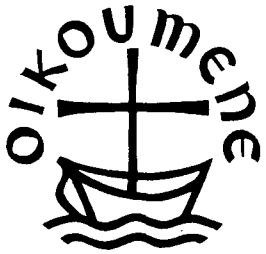

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with his request, through a theologically-backward local Ordinary and chancery legalists, the present commission is still inadequate . . .

Why does the Church keep men in the priesthood against their will? Would this not make for unhappy priests and therefore an ineffective ministry? Does not the difficulty of seeking a dispensation discourage unhappy priests from applying? Are the authorities afraid to make honorable discharge easier because too many priests would leave? Is this honest? Could this say that down deep they know that the commitment to priestly celibacy is largely a fiction and that the only way to preserve the present arrangement is by external force? . . . Would someone from Rome care to answer these questions?

(Rev.) WILLIAM M. LALLY

Transplant Ethics

Torrington, Conn.

To the Editors: For the layman interested in the moral implications of organ transplantation, it is necessary to understand some of the scientific problems, even if presented simplistically . . . Our present medical definition of death is the "spontaneous cessation of respiration and of the heart." But these do not stop at the same time; one generally precedes the other. The time interval is important, especially because it can be artificially increased. We are also aware that some organs die sooner from lack of oxygen than others. For example, the higher brain cells (centers of consciousness, sensation, personality) will die beyond chance of recovery if deprived of oxygen for 4 to 6 minutes, leaving a patient comatose, without personality, or the ability to care for himself. He will be what some refer to as a biological "vegetable." But the heart can sometimes be restarted as long as several hours after it has stopped. The kidney will function if implanted into a recipient within an hour or so after removal from a donor. Bone, skin, and corneas may be kept under certain conditions for months. One of the goals of research is to find ways to keep organs viable after removal from donors or cadavers; cooling, for example, delays the death of organs . . .

Crucial is this fact: though it is possible to restart some hearts even hours after cessation, it is imperative that the circulation of blood through the lungs during this interval be maintained so that the rest of the body will get oxygen. Massage of the heart or compression on the overlying breastbone duplicates the normal pumping action of the heart by squeezing it of its blood, to refill during relaxation. Machines are now available to perform this pumping action indefinitely. So, whenever stoppage of the heart occurs, it is important to know exactly when it has stopped, and to artificially take over the normal pumping action as soon as possible.

A case illustrates the problems: Mr. X was in coma from severe brain injuries suffered in a Saturday night brawl (Jan. 5). He was taken to the hospital where he was operated on soon after. But his brain was injured beyond hope of cure. He stopped breathing. He was immediately put onto a respirator which did his breathing for him. All his other organs were functioning normally. The doctors then asked his wife for permission to remove one of his kidneys to transplant into a patient who was dying of incurable kidney disease. Believing him to be dead, she gave permission. He was kept on the respirator and the next morning the surgeons removed a kidney which they immediately transplanted into the other patient. The machine was then turned off. His breathing stopped; without oxygen, his heart stopped.

When did Mr. X die? Was it on January 5th during the first operation when he stopped breathing? Or was it on January 6th after the second operation when the machine was turned off? Who "caused" his death: was it the man who hit him, or was it the person who turned off the machine? Could his wife legally give permission for donation while his heart was still beating? To make it easier: his life insurance had lapsed on January 5th. On the basis of medical testimony, the coroner decided that he had died on January 5th when he originally stopped breathing . . .

The French Academy of Medicine within the last year or so has agreed on *their* definition of death in such cases. It

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is based on the function of the brain. If the brain is damaged beyond repair, as demonstrated by certain medical tests, even if the other organs in the body are healthy and functioning, the patient may be declared dead by a special committee for such a purpose. All artificial methods of prolonging life could be stopped. With such a definition, a kidney could be removed, even though the patient's heart were still beating. They have not yet confronted the problem of whether or not to remove a beating heart from such a "dead" person.

We get back to the first human heart transplant. The donor had severe brain injuries, and was put on a respirator. If the donor's heart was healthy, and it had to be, otherwise it would not have been used, why wasn't it restarted in the donor, as it was in the recipient?

Is this entire problem solely for one physician, or a committee of physicians, or physicians with lay people representative of society? To me, the physicians must first come to a medical consensus on a new definition of death. Obviously, at least for the principles involved, society should participate, minimally through jurists and legislators. The time of death in certain cases is as important in law as in medicine. (When a doctor signs a death certificate, he puts down the time by hour and minute.) And where problems of ethics are involved, the clergy should certainly participate.

J. A. FABRO, M.D.

Pragmatic Argument

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I would like to challenge some of the contentions made by Michael Novak in his article "An End of Ideology?" (March 8). Mr. Novak seems to blame our current unfortunate war policy on "pragmatic reasoning." Is this accurate? Pragmatism, admittedly a somewhat vague complex of doctrines, at least means an openness to new facts, new evidence and changing circumstances, and a continuing commitment to reevaluate policies. Mr. Novak seems to argue that a pragmatic approach rules out consideration of the broader moral and human issues involved in policies. Certainly pragmatism as practiced by James and Dewey did not exclude these concerns. Is it accurate to suggest that Walter Rostow, Dean Rusk and other "liberal" supporters of the war are pragmatic in their evaluation of the situation? Is it not rather the case that they are trapped in an ideology which prevents a realistic appraisal of the war and are thus quite unpragmatic? Secondly, should opposition to the war be based on metaphysical and/or theological arguments? It seems to me that we have had enough of these arguments. They are typical of the reasoning of the far right. Communism, so goes the argument, is metaphysically evil. It is anti-Christian. Thus, further evaluation and dialogue is ruled out *a priori*. Our current anti-Communism hang-up seems in a large measure to be due to this sort of reasoning. Finally, should not opposition to the war and commitment to solving the problems of the ghettos be based on an intelligent evaluation of the social, political and moral implications of our situation? Cannot a convincing pragmatic argument be built against the war?

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